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Saturday Review

SEX, DRUGS AND THE CIA

The Shocking Search for an "Ultimate Weapon"

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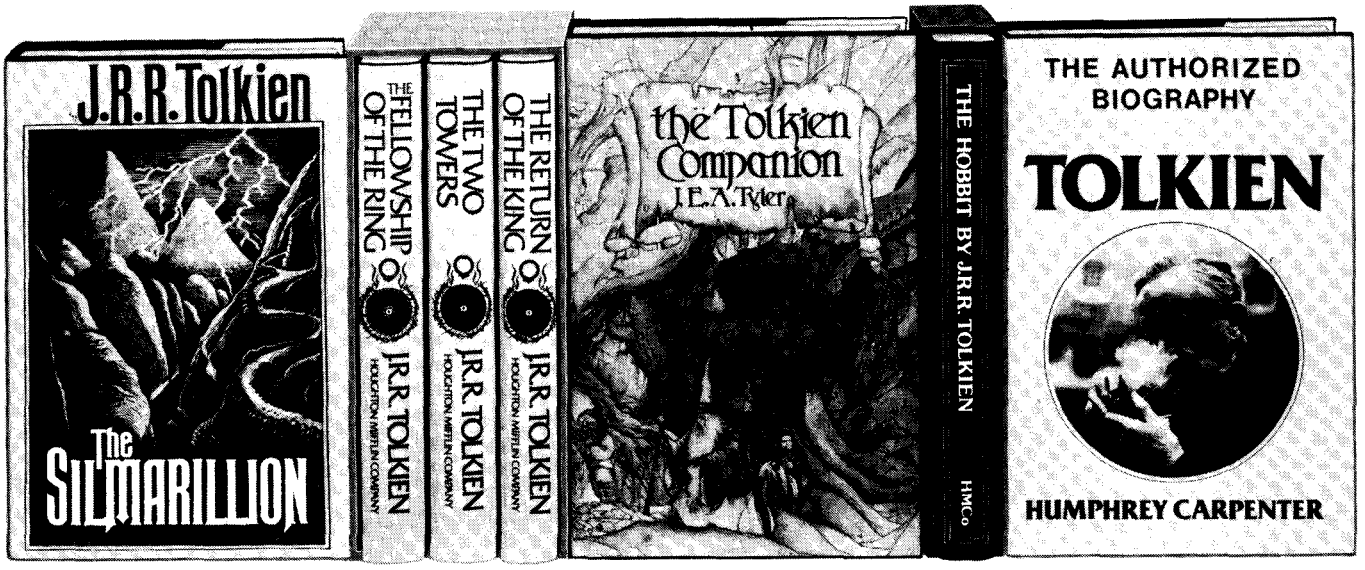

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THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

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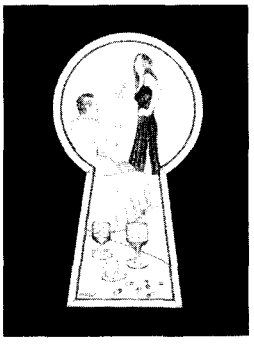

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LETTERS

Uncivil Service

Peter Ognibene ["Is Civil Service Strangling the Government?," November 11] joins the ranks of those who find it necessary to identify incompetent government workers as the cause of all public grief. The rights of human beings, including employees, to be protected from unilateral and arbitrary decision-making are just as important as those of large organizations. To be fired from one's job can be the equivalent of professional capital punishment. Often, a superior who designates a subordinate as incompetent is really saying that the subordinate disagrees with him. In one sense, insubordination can be defined as the expression of a civil right. We tend, in this country, to hide our attacks on human rights by defining them as simply questions of "administration."

Frederick C. Thayer
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Peter Ognibene replies: My article does not point to "incompetent government workers as the cause of all public grief," as Mr. Thayer asserts. Because government exercises considerable legal force over workers' conditions in the private sector, it should set an equitable example in handling its own employees. Yet, the system tends to castigate the conscientious whistle-blower and promote drones. Such a perversion of rewards and punishments serves to discourage excellence and destroy morale.

The Politics of Education

After having read Stephen Aarons's article, "Is Educating Your Child a Crime?" [November 25, 1978], I am glad to see that the courts have since ruled in favor of the Perchemlides, forcing the school to reconsider their application ... to educate their son at home. This case has helped redeem the courts because it has shown that they understand the value that Americans put on education. The case of Richard Perchemlides will obviously have widespread ramifications. It serves as a challenge to American traditions. Democracy depends on an educated voting populace, and that does not mean an all-conforming populace but rather one where there is room for dissent.

Shelley R. Snyder
Groton School
Groton, Massachusetts

Games People Play

The most promising alternative to competitive games is not "blobbery" as Carll Tucker suggests [The Back Door, November 11], but cooperative games. While noncompetitive games do "excise the trauma of defeat," I think their main advantage is that they create conditions for individuals to practice cooperating, like the old-fashioned bucket brigade. They thereby potentially perform an important social function.

Dr. Louis Wildman
Cosmopolis, Washington

CORRECTION:

In "Lime-Lighted Photography Books" [November 25], Owen Edwards credited Simon & Schuster with the publication of Helmut Newton's *Sleepless Nights* and Deborah Turbeville's *Wallflower*. Simon & Schuster distributed the books. Congreve Press is the publisher.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY 20 PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 134 (page 70)
bolters, bolster, lobster

FRAZER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT
No. 123 (page 70)
Where it is a duty to worship the sun it is pretty sure to be a crime to examine the laws of heat.
—Christopher Morley

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC
No. 163 (page 71)

(HAROLD J.) KENNEDY:
NO PICKLE, NO PERFORMANCE
Gloria Swanson ... can never hold on to a cook for the simple reason that anything the cook can cook Gloria can cook better. She has never kept a maid for more than five days because Gloria can and does get down on her hands and knees and clean the floor better.

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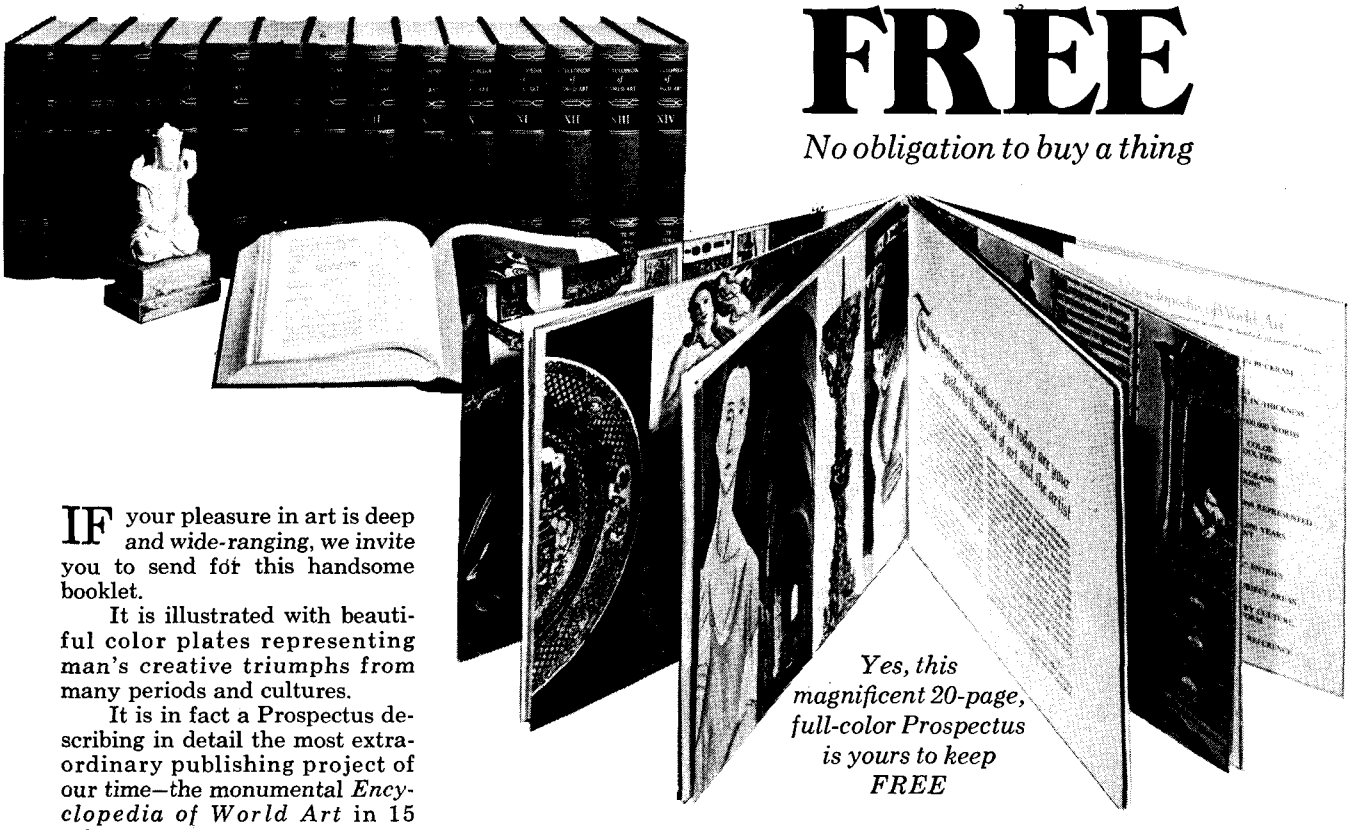

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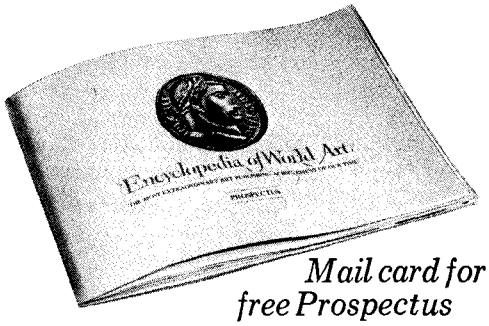

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ROBERT SHORE

Killing by Number

The messiness of war is a thing of the past. The war of the future will have the neatness and purity of a game of chess. It will be conducted on what General William C. Westmoreland called the "automated battlefield," where "we can destroy anything we can locate through instant communications." That is, computers will direct the battle, though the casualties, in all likelihood, will continue to be people.

This vision of electronic combat was provided by the Anaheim Military Electronic Expo, an "arms bazaar" sponsored by industry and government this past November. Traditional weaponry aficionados would have fetched up a sigh at the quiet, humming spectacle: no tanks, no guns, not so much as a bullet. Just tiny silicon chips, video display screens, "covert binocular communications systems," etc.

In the high-class mayhem of tomorrow, pilots won't even have to aim at enemy aircraft; all they'll need to do is look at their adversary. The Anaheim show featured a tiny laser beam that, trained on the pilot's eyes, reflects his line of sight back to a computer, which uses this information to instantaneously aim and fire the appropriate weaponry.

And there's more, though it wasn't all in Anaheim. Precision-guided missiles, or "smart bombs," sense out a target and readjust their own path. An elaborate communications system shuttles missiles within their silos like peas in a shell. Warfare climbs the ladder of abstraction.

As an Air Force electronics expert noted at Anaheim, "The guy who gains control of the EMS [electro-magnetic spectrum, or electronic wavelength] is the guy who will win World War III."

The Total Man

That old-fashioned and elegant formulation of the difference between the sexes, that women were attuned to the rhythms of the earth, while men, masters of their bodies, treaded the airy realms, may be just so much male-inspired humbug. Recent experiments at UCLA indicate that male disposition is tied just as firmly as female to regular hormonal changes.

The tests, conducted by graduate student Betsy Houser, show a high correlation between levels of testosterone, known as "the male hormone," and emotional and physical traits. As the testosterone level rises, so do anxiety, depression, hostility, and tension. Hand steadiness, reflexes, vigor, and arousal were found to deteriorate at the same time.

Houser admits that the results are far from conclusive, since a shortage of funds, and a need for highly concentrated testing, reduced the number of subjects to five, who were run through a battery of tests three times daily. But the only other comparable research, which involved mice and monkeys, bears out Houser's findings.

In any case, old wisdom dies slowly. Men are sure to defend their traditional rights of detachment. As Houser notes, "People don't want to accept the possibility that we don't have total control over our emotions, that we are not able to manipulate them, but in fact are manipulated by them."

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Psycow

Outside you hear a mysterious whirring—like a refrigerator—a heavy thud, then silence. When you go to investigate, you find nothing. But the next morning reveals a grisly and bizarre spectacle—the carcass of a cow lying by the roadside, its genitals cut out in a precise circle, its tongue ripped from its mouth. The beast has apparently been dropped from a height of perhaps 10 feet, by a vehicle with tripod-shaped landing gear. This series of events is believed to have occurred between 4,000 and 10,000 times across the country since 1976.

The wave of ritual butchery has perplexed law officers and frightened witnesses. New Mexico state police officer Gabe Valdez, inspired by sightings of "a cigar-shaped aircraft with lights," told the Rio Grande *Sun* that "aliens" might well be involved. But Valdez has now switched over to the government-involvement theory, which features accusations of hush-hush biological warfare experimentation. U.S. government labs at Los Alamos counter with the equally implausible theory that eagles, or perhaps desert rodents, have been performing the mutilations.

Something spooky *is* going on. Observers note that coyotes, normally great fanciers of carrion, will not even approach the carcasses. Meanwhile, reports of the so-called "classic mutilation" build up: 30 in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico, in the latter half of 1978; 14 in Jacksonville, Mississippi, in a week. When will it all end? What does it all mean? And how will this affect the price of beef?

ROBERT SHORE

Fitting All the News to Print

The *New York Times*, which just got over a lawsuit brought by its female employees, may get hit with another by its female readers if it isn't careful with its news. Under a December 1 headline that ran, "7 Women Quit State Police School," a *Times* story began, "All seven women candidates have withdrawn from the New Jersey State Police training school here because they found the stress of physical exercise to be too rigorous, the state police reported. Forty-eight men also left for that reason, the police said ...."

Bad Vibes From est

Some people are immune to consciousness-raising. When Werner Erhard's Hunger Project was confronted, late last October, with a magazine article that accused it of serving as a front for Erhard's profit-making group-therapy venture, est, you'd think that Erhard and the est-trained executives of the Hunger Project would have put it behind themselves. Gotten clear of it. Instead, they manifested their aggressions, announcing their intention to sue the offending publication, *Mother Jones*, for libel.

Students of the Hunger Project, however, were not worried. In a career stretching back as far as 1977, the Project has threatened to sue for libel four times, without once prosecuting. And true to form, not a word has come from its San Francisco headquarters since the initial broadsides. A spokesman notes that "our lawyers are still considering the matter."

But the organization has subtler means of vindication at its disposal. Reports have filtered out of est seminars in which participants are asked to spend two minutes "concentrating their negative energy" against those responsible for the *Mother Jones* article.

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EDITORIAL

The Drumbeat for Civil Defense

THE DRUMBEAT FOR civilian defense is starting up all over again. As usual, the Russians are being used as the main prod. The American people are being warned that the Soviet government is spending billions of rubles to convert subways into bomb shelters, among other defense schemes. This makes it necessary, the argument runs, for the United States to appropriate billions of dollars to guard against losing more than 100 million American civilians in a nuclear attack.

Unlike the early Sixties, when people were told to build bomb shelters, the emphasis this time is on evacuation schemes. The general plan is to move people out of the big cities and into the surrounding countryside. According to one plan, for example, the people of New York City are to be moved to Sullivan County, about 100 miles away.

Since this plan is being seriously offered, it must be seriously examined. The most obvious question is, how would New Yorkers be transported? Is it expected that people would drive their own cars? Only a small percentage of New Yorkers, regardless of economic circumstance, own and maintain cars in the city. Does this mean that transportation would be provided? In buses or trucks or trains or planes?

Even if we assume that 2 million New Yorkers—or about 25 percent of the total population—would be able to leave town, how far are they likely to get? In the unlikely event that the bridges and tunnels leading out of New York City are undamaged in a nuclear drop, how could the roadways handle a general exodus when they cannot even handle average rush-hour traffic?

Most of the superhighways, like the Long Island Expressway, lack adequate provision for disabled cars. Can anyone imagine the chaos and panic that would take place if even a small percentage of cars overheat or run out of gas?

Is it expected that gasoline-station owners and operators would stay at their posts in a radioactive war? Even if they did, could the pumps be protected against people who see gasoline as a matter of life and death?

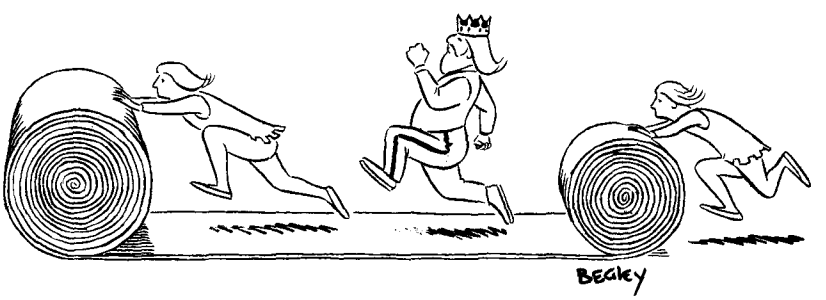
The situation in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Atlanta, New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles is hardly likely to be any different. No American city today is equipped to handle even a 50 percent increase in traffic, let alone the 400 to 500 percent increase the evacuation would require.

But let us suppose that somehow people would be able to get to where they're supposed to go. How will they survive when they get there? Are food stockpiles going to be set up now, along with adequate water and shelter plans? Or are we setting the stage for Americans to shoot it out in the attempt to survive?

What about emergency health care? We could mobilize every doctor, every nurse, and still leave at least 90 percent of the casualties unattended.

The present campaign to get the American people behind evacuation plans doesn't make any more sense than the home bomb shelter programs of two decades ago. Such shelters might have worked in a conventional war, but nuclear bombs produce raging firestorms, converting underground shelters into asphyxiation chambers.

It isn't as though the government didn't know these facts; but the U.S was involved in a struggle for Berlin at the time, and we didn't want the Russians to think that the American people weren't prepared to go all the way. President Kennedy was told by his advisers that the best way of making an impression on Soviet leaders was by demonstrating that Americans were capable of thinking about the unthinkable. Meanwhile, Premier Khrushchev was receiving exactly the same advice from his own inner council. So the Russians started converting their subways into air-raid shelters.



In both cases, no one was fooled. Each side knew the other was whistling in the nuclear dark. At some point, the people would have to come out of their shelters. What would they do for food, water, medicine, shelter? Human beings aren't designed to live with mountains of radioactive rubble and poisoned reservoirs. But it was important to play the macho game.

Now we come to the world of 1979, with bombs more powerful than ever before—and many more of them. We also have refinements in the form of explosives that will spare property but condemn human flesh. Why, then, the notion that civilian defense makes any more sense today than it did two decades ago? Does the Pentagon fear that a war-crisis psychology is necessary to get its mammoth appropriations through Congress at a time of increasing awareness of the inflationary effects of high government spending?

Whatever the reason, the government must think the American people are simpletons indeed if they can be made to believe there is any security in evacuation.

It has been said before, but it has to be said again: The only defense against nuclear war is peace.

If in fact the Russians are spending more money on their subway shelters, the proper response for Americans is not to imitate the absurdity but to face up to the basic facts. If we want to protect ourselves against a nuclear war, we are not going to do so through childish evacuation schemes or by burrowing into potential mass burial chambers; we can protect ourselves only by bringing nuclear weapons and nuclear war itself under control. Superior nuclear fire power creates no security for anyone. We may have to develop a whole new set of conditional reflexes for thinking of security in terms of the institutions that make peace possible. Difficult though it may be to create effective nuclear disarmament under workable safeguards, it is far less difficult than running away from a nuclear attack with no place to hide. —N.C.

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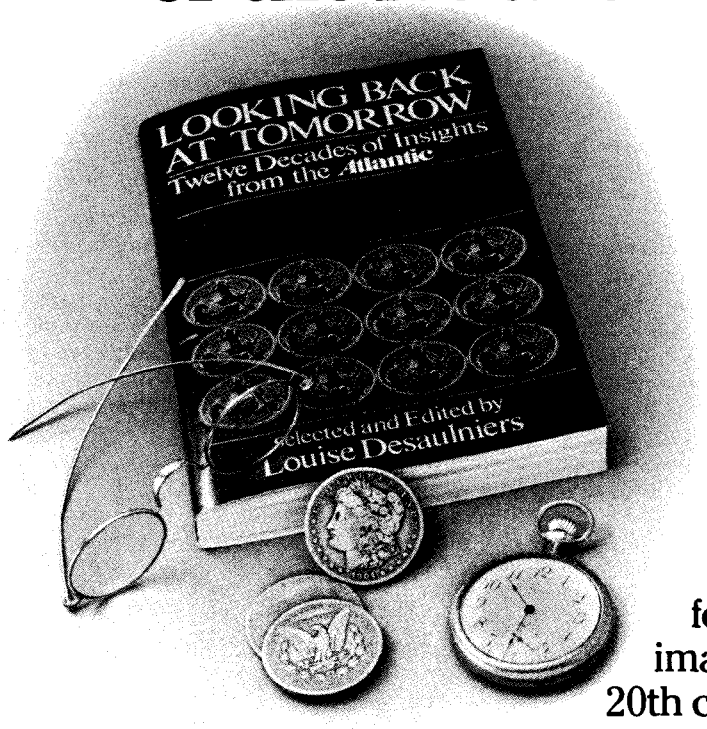

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Proper to a Fault

by Goodman Ace

NOW FOR YOUR first visit here, Mr. Ace, stretch out on this couch and we will start to delve for the source of your problem."

"You won't have to delve, Doctor, I'll lay it right on the line. I am queer for the English language. So much so that whenever I hear people misusing syntax I'm so repelled that I correct them on the spot. Only yesterday I saw this young, startlingly beautiful woman on TV. She was svelte, sinuous, and seductively swirly. She was telling me how she...."

"You're talking too fast. I'm making notes. I'm still working on 'seductively swirly.'"

"OK, Doc. She said she went from a size 16 to a size 7 by joining Weight Watchers. Then she added, 'How Weight Watchers saved my marriage is a secret between my husband and I' and right there, before my very eyes, she gained 18 pounds."

"What did you do then?"

"I did what any abnormal person would do. I jumped up and shouted at the set, 'My husband and ME! You've been too busy counting calories instead of prepositions that take the objective case and not the nominative.' That's the beastly habit I hope you can cure. I am now at the point where all my friends have me on their don't-invite-him-to-the-party lists. You'd be surprised how many dinners I've eaten alone, and how many sleepless nights I've spent praying, 'Oh God, why can't I be like other men and take beauty at its face value?'"

"How long have you had this beastly, nasty, disgusting, stupid habit?"

"Thanks, Doc. I needed that."

"Here, have a Kleenex."

"I've had this habit since I was a little kid."

"OK. You have 45 minutes to tell me all about your childhood."

"I can do it in one. At the age of four, I was the only kid in the neighborhood who said, 'Mother, may I go out to play?,' instead of 'Can I?' I had learned that lesson the hard way when I had raised my hand and asked my teacher, 'Can I leave the room?' She replied, 'You can if you are able. If you are asking for my permission to leave the room, I will reply, 'Yes, you may.' I couldn't stop to argue the point because I really had to go. And I hurriedly went. Thus the difference between 'Can I?' and 'May I?' was indelibly inscribed. Although, come to think of it, in advanced years 'Can I?' is too often more correct. Right, Doctor?"

"You now have 38 minutes to tell the story of your childhood."

"All right, try this. When I came home from school, I always announced my entrance by calling out, 'It's I, Mother.' Even at that age I began passing this invaluable grammatical knowledge to all the kids, along with my explanations of the correct usage. They began passing it on to their mothers, who in turn began eying me suspiciously, calling me 'that strange boy,' and cautioning them not to play with me. But I didn't mind being called 'strange' as long as I had my books to read. Would you be interested to hear that I used to read everything I could get my hands on—even streetcar transfers? Does that make me a 'strange boy,' Doctor?"

"You have 16 minutes to tell me about it."

"The very first book I read I finished in five minutes. It was a dumb book. On the first page there was this picture of a cat, and underneath it said, 'See the cat.' 'The cat sees you.' 'Do you see the cat?' The second page didn't add much to the story line, even with a change in the cast: 'See the dog.' 'The dog sees you.' 'Do you see the dog?' Shall I go on, Doc?"

"Please do. You have nine minutes left."

"The very next book I read was *Heidi.* It's the story of this little girl who lived in the Alps, and she—"

"On second thought you can tell me about that on your next visit. Is Thursday OK?"

"Sure. But in the meantime, Doctor—"

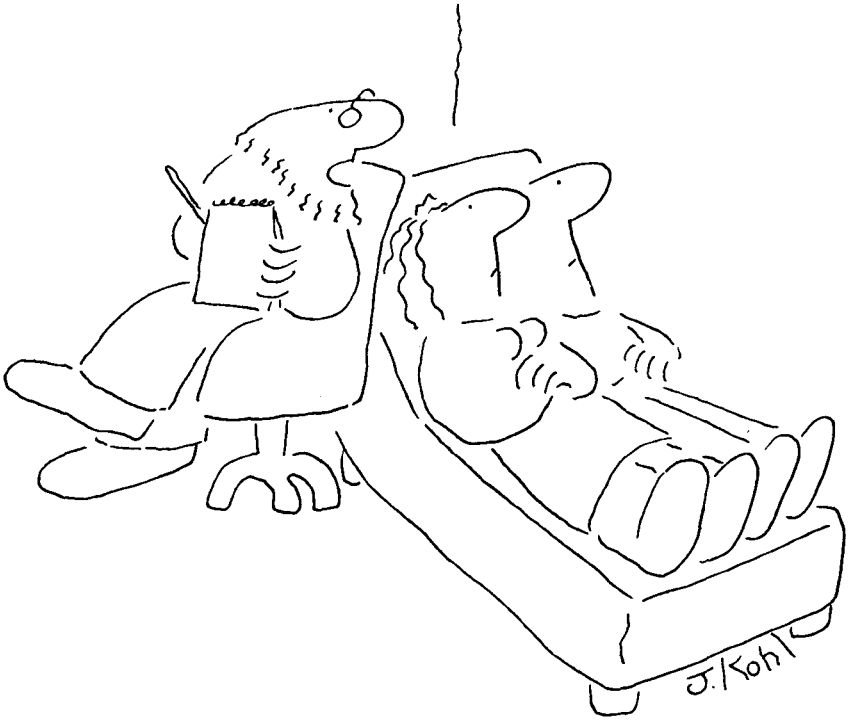
"In the meantime, I have a simple little exercise I would like you to try. This is the exercise. When you hear someone commit a grammatical faux pas, you softly and slowly count to ten; the urge to make a correction will dissipate of itself."

"And that's it? Are you sure that'll do the trick?"

"Better than your way of infuriating people. Let sleeping dogs lay. That's what I always say."

"Doctor, just a minute. Is that what you always say, 'Let sleeping dogs lay'? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Oh, Doctor, about that appointment next Thursday. I have a very heavy schedule ahead, so I'll call you. Goodbye, Doctor."

"Goodbye ... strange man...." ◉



"You certainly seem compatible to me!"

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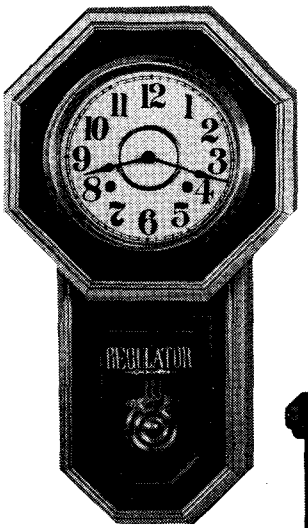

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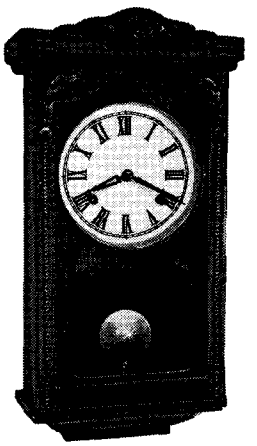

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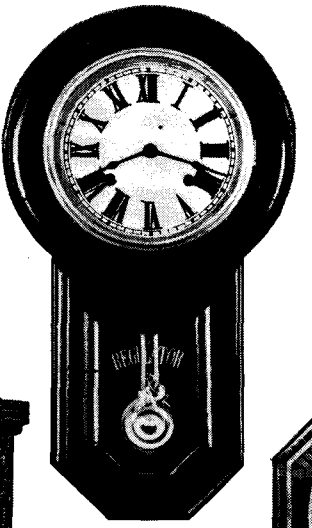

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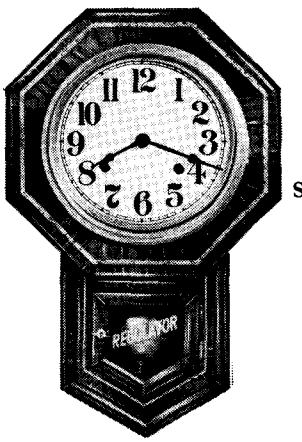

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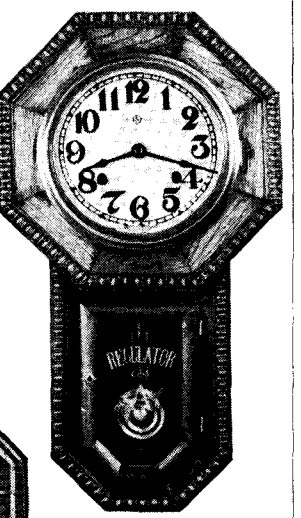

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SEX, DRUGS AND THE CIA

The Shocking Search for an "Ultimate Weapon"

by John Marks

UPI, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Richard Helms, Sidney Gottlieb, Allen Dulles—Architects of the CIA's covert drug-testing program

The CIA's venture into control of human behavior—a systematic program of testing LSD on unwitting Americans—began some two decades ago; nevertheless, it remained buried in the agency's secrecy system until the Rockefeller Commission and the Church Committee unearthed its general outlines in 1975. The news stories and headlines about these revelations, however, failed to satisfy freelance reporter John Marks; and he began a three-year search for the details that would flesh out the tale surrounding the CIA's mind-control programs. Through the Freedom of Information Act, he turned up some 16,000 pages of CIA documents, most of which agency officials had not furnished to executive-branch or Senate investigators; and he continued by interviewing numerous people directly involved. Many of the CIA's secrets, he says, will always be effectively protected by some agency officers. But Marks himself succeeded in penetrating the shadowy intrigue that cloaked CIA testing of mind-altering drugs. The story he was able to piece together is presented here.

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, LSD came to America in 1949, when the counterculture generation that the drug eventually symbolized was not even out of the nursery. At the time, the CIA and the military intelligence agencies were just setting out on their quest for drugs and other exotic methods to take possession of people's minds. The ancient desire to control enemies through magical spells and potions had come alive again, and several offices within the CIA competed to become the head controllers.

The agency's Technical Services Staff (TSS) was one of these offices; at the time, it was officially meant to be investigating the use of chemical and biological warfare (CBW) in covert operations. TSS was the linear descendant of the Research and Development unit of America's World War II spy agency, the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), and its specialists furnished back-up equipment for secret operations: false papers, bugs, tapes, suicide pills, explosive sea shells, transmitters hidden in false teeth, cameras in tobacco pouches, invisible inks, and the like. In later years, these gadget wizards from TSS would become known for supplying some of history's more ridiculous landmarks, such as Howard Hunt's ill-fitting red wig, but in the early days of the CIA, they gave promise of transforming the spy world.

Within TSS, there existed a chemical division with functions that few others, even in TSS, knew about. These functions concerned the use of chemicals (and germs) against specific people. From 1951 to 1956, the year when the CIA's interest in LSD peaked, Sidney Gottlieb, a native of the Bronx with a Ph.D. in chemistry from Cal Tech, headed this division. Only 33 years old when he took over the Chemical Division, Gottlieb had nonetheless gained the respect of his colleagues, who described him as willing to carry out, as one ex-associate puts it, "the tough things that had to be done."

At the top ranks of the Clandestine Services (officially called the Directorate of Operations, but popularly known as the "dirty tricks" department) Sid Gottlieb had a champion who appreciated his qualities—Richard Helms. For two decades, Gottlieb would move to progressively higher positions in the wake of Helms's climb to the highest position in the agency. Gottlieb was loyal, and he followed orders. Although many people lay in the chain of command between the two men, Helms preferred to avoid bureaucratic niceties and deal directly with Gottlieb.

On April 3, 1953, Helms proposed to CIA Director Allen Dulles that the agency set up a program under Gottlieb for "covert use of biological and chemical materials." Helms made clear that the agency could use these materials in "present and future clandestine operations" and added that the capabilities acquired would "enable us to defend ourselves against a foe who might not be as restrained in the use of

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these techniques as we are." Once again, as it would throughout the history of the behavioral programs, defense justified offense.

On April 13, 1953, Allen Dulles approved the program, essentially as put forth by Helms. Dulles took note of the "ultra-sensitive work" involved and agreed that the project would be called MKULTRA. He approved an initial budget of $300,000, exempted the program from normal CIA financial controls, and allowed TSS to start up research projects "without the signing of the usual contracts."

In the early days of MKULTRA, the roughly six TSS professionals who worked on the program spent a good deal of their time considering the various possible uses of LSD. "The most fascinating thing about it," says one of them, "was that such minute quantities had such a terrific effect. We thought about the possibility of putting some in a city water supply and having the citizens wander around in a more or less happy state, not terribly interested in defending themselves," recalls the TSS specialist. But incapacitating such large numbers of people fell to the Army Chemical Corps, which also tested LSD. The CIA was concentrating on individuals.

Operatives occasionally lost an unwitting test subject in a crowd—thereby sending a stranger off alone with a head full of LSD.

Nonetheless, the leaders of MKULTRA had high hopes for the potential effects of LSD even when limited to a single person. It appeared to be an awesome substance, whose advent, like the ancient discovery of fire, would bring out primitive responses of fear and worship in people. Only a speck of LSD could take a strong-willed man and turn his most basic perceptions into willowy shadows—time, space, right, wrong, order, and the notion of what was possible all took on new faces. LSD was a scary weapon, and it took a swashbuckling boldness for the leaders of MKULTRA to prepare for operational testing the way they first did: by taking it themselves. They tripped at the office. They tripped at "safehouses"—apartments the agency set up for the purpose. Sometimes they tripped at America's most famous universities and hospitals, where covert CIA funds supported LSD research. Always, they observed, questioned, and analyzed each other. LSD seemed to remove inhibitions, and they thought they could use it to find out what went on in the mind underneath all the outside acts and pretensions. If they could get at the inner self, they reasoned, they could all the better manipulate the person—or keep him from being manipulated by others.

The men from MKULTRA were trying LSD in the early 1950s—when Stalin lived and Joe McCarthy raged. It was a foreboding time, even for those not professionally responsible for doomsday poisons. Not surprisingly, Sid Gottlieb and his colleagues who tried LSD did not think of the drug as something that might enhance creativity or cause transcendental experiences. An LSD trip made people temporarily crazy, which meant potentially vulnerable to the CIA (and mentally ill to the doctors). The CIA experimenters did not trip for the experience itself, or to get high, or to sample new realities. They were testing a weapon, and for their purposes they might as well have been in a ballistics lab.

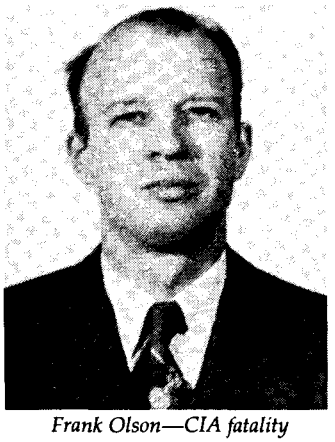
They decided to spring it on each other without warning. They agreed among themselves that a co-worker might slip it to them at any time. Unwitting doses became an occupational hazard. In retrospect, it seems more than bizarre that CIA officials—men responsible for the nation's intelligence and alertness when the hot and cold wars against the communists were at their peak—would be sneaking LSD into each other's coffee cups and thereby subjecting themselves to the unknown frontiers of experimental drugs. But these side trips did not seem to change the sense of reality of Gottlieb or some of his superiors, who took LSD on several occasions. The drug did not transform Gottlieb out of the mind-set of a master scientist-spy, a protégé of Richard Helms in the CIA's inner circle.

Only six months after Allen Dulles had formally created MKULTRA, TSS officials were ready for the last stage of their research: systematic use of LSD on "outsiders" who had no idea they were receiving a dose of the drug. These victims simply felt their moorings slip away in the midst of an ordinary day, for no apparent reason, and no one really knew how they would react.

In November, 1953, Sid Gottlieb decided to try LSD on a group of scientists from the Army Chemical Corps's Special Operation Division at Fort Detrick in Frederick, Maryland. He ignored a twice-delivered order that required special permission for the use of LSD, and slipped some into the scientists' after-dinner drinks.

The dose pushed one of its victims—Frank Olson—into a psychotic confusion; several days after his surprise trip, Olson leapt to his death from a hotel window. His family did not find out about either the LSD or the CIA's involvement until 1975, when they read a newspaper account of the Rockefeller Commission's report of the incident. At the time of his death, Olson's wife was told only that Frank "had jumped or fallen" from the window. Nevertheless, the CIA officially—if secretly—took the position that the LSD had "triggered" Olson's suicide.

Frank Olson's death could have been a major setback for the agency's LSD testing, but the program, like Sid Gottlieb's career, emerged essentially unscathed. High CIA officials did call a temporary halt to all experiments while they investigated the Olson case and re-examined the general policy; but in the end, the agency adopted the view Richard Helms put forth—that the only "operationally realistic" way to test drugs was to try them on unwitting people. Helms noted that experiments that gave advance warning would be "*pro forma* at best and result in a false sense of accomplishment and readiness." For Allen Dulles and his top aides, the possible importance of LSD clearly outweighed the risks and ethical problem of slipping the drug to involuntary subjects.


UPI

Frank Olson—CIA fatality

Once the CIA's top echelon had made its decision to continue unwitting testing, there remained, in Richard Helms's words, "only the question of how best to do it." The agency's role in the Olson affair had come too perilously close to leaking out, so TSS officials simply had to work out a testing system with better cover. That meant finding subjects who could not be so easily traced back to the agency.

Gottlieb came up with a solution to the problem of finding subjects after reading through old files on the OSS search for a truth drug. Gottlieb noted that the OSS had used George White, a pre-war employee of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, to test concentrated marijuana. Besides trying the drug out on Manhattan Project volunteers and unknowing sus-

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pected communists, White had slipped some to August Del Gracio, a Lucky Luciano lieutenant. White had called the experiment a great success. If it had not been—if Del Gracio had somehow caught on to the drugging—Gottlieb realized that the gangster would never have gone to the police or the press. His survival as a criminal required he remain quiet about even the worst indignities heaped upon him by government agents. To Gottlieb, underworld types looked like ideal test subjects. Nevertheless, according to one TSS source, "We were not about to fool around with the Mafia." Instead, this source says they chose "the borderline underworld"—prostitutes, drug addicts, and other small-timers who would be powerless to seek any sort of revenge if they ever found out what the CIA had done to them. In addition to being unlikely whistle-blowers, such people lived in a world where an unwitting dose of a drug, usually a knockout drop, was an occupational hazard anyway. They would therefore be better equipped to deal with—and recover from—a surprise LSD trip than the population as a whole, or so TSS officials rationalized. "They could at least say to themselves, 'Here I go again. I've been slipped a mickey,'" says a TSS veteran. Furthermore, this veteran remembers, his former colleagues reasoned that if they had to violate the civil rights of anyone, they might as well choose marginal people.

GEORGE WHITE HIMSELF had left OSS after the war and returned to the Narcotics Bureau. In 1952, he was working in the New York office. As a high-ranking narcotics agent, White had a perfect excuse to be around drugs and people who used them. He had proved that he had a talent for clandestine work, and he certainly had no qualms when it came to unwitting testing. With his job, he had access to all the possible subjects the agency would need, and if he could use LSD or any other drug to find out more about drug-trafficking, so much the better. From a security viewpoint, CIA officials could easily deny any connection to anything White did, and he clearly was not the crybaby type. For Sid Gottlieb, George White was clearly the one.

Gottlieb traveled to New York and made his pitch to the narcotics agent, who stood five feet seven inches, weighed over 200 pounds, shaved his head, and looked something like an extremely menacing bowling ball. After an early morning meeting, White scrawled in his sweat-stained, leather-bound diary for that day, June 9, 1952, "Gottlieb proposes I be a CIA consultant—I agree." By writing down such a thing and using Gottlieb's true name, White had broken CIA security regulations even before he started work, but then White was never known as a man who followed rules.

People either loved or hated George White, and he had made some powerful enemies, including New York Governor Thomas Dewey and J. Edgar Hoover. Dewey would later help block White from becoming the head of the Narcotics Bureau in New York City, a job White sorely wanted. For some forgotten reason, Hoover had managed to stop White from being hired by the CIA in the agency's early days. These were two of the biggest disappointments in White's life. His previous exclusion from the CIA may explain why he jumped so eagerly at Gottlieb's offer and why at the same time he privately heaped contempt on those who worked for the agency. A remarkably heavy drinker, who would sometimes finish off a bottle of gin in one sitting, White often mocked the CIA crowd over cocktails.

White lived with extreme personal contradictions. He was a law-enforcement official who regularly violated the law. Indeed, the CIA turned to him because of his willingness to use the power of his office to ride roughshod over the rights of others—in the name of "national security" when he tested LSD for the agency, in the name of stamping out drug abuse

N.Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO

George White—A law enforcement officer who broke the law

for the Narcotics Bureau. He was a man who truly believed that the end justified the means.

George White's pragmatic approach meshed perfectly with Sid Gottlieb's needs in the drug-testing field. In CIA jargon, White became MKULTRA subproject #3. Under this arrangement, he rented two adjacent Greenwich Village apartments, posing as the sometime artist and seaman, "Morgan Hall." White agreed to lure guinea pigs to the safehouse, slip them drugs, and report back the results to Gottlieb and the others in TSS. For its part, the CIA let the Narcotics Bureau use the place for undercover activities (and often, for personal pleasures) whenever no agency work was scheduled; the CIA paid all the bills, including the cost of keeping a well-stocked liquor cabinet—a substantial item for White. Gottlieb personally handed White the first $4,000 to cover the initial costs of furnishing the safehouse in the lavish style to which White wished to become accustomed.

For his part, Gottlieb did not limit his interest to drugs. He and other TSS officials wanted to try out surveillance equipment. CIA technicians quickly installed see-through mirrors and microphones between the apartments, through which eavesdroppers could film, photograph, and record the action. "Things go wrong with listening devices and two-way mirrors, so you find out what works and what doesn't," says a TSS source. "If you are going to entrap, you've got to give the guy pictures *(flagrante delicto)* and voice recordings. Once you learn how to do it so that the whole thing looks comfortable, cozy, and safe, then you can transport the technology overseas." This TSS man notes that the techniques developed in the George White safehouse operation were later put to work in the bedrooms of Europe.

In the safehouse's first months, White tested LSD, several kinds of knockout drops, and that old OSS standby, essence of marijuana. He served the drugs in food, drink, and cigarettes and then tried to worm out information, usually on narcotics matters, from his "guests." Sometimes MKULTRA men came up from Washington to watch the action.

In early 1955, the Narcotics Bureau transferred White to San Francisco to become chief agent there. Happy with White's performance, Gottlieb decided to let him take the entire safehouse operation with him to the Coast. White

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rented a suitable "pad" (as he always called it) on Telegraph Hill, with a stunning view of San Francisco Bay, the Golden Gate Bridge, and Alcatraz. To supplement the furniture he brought from the New York safehouse, he went out and bought items that gave the place the air of the brothel it was to become: Toulouse-Lautrec posters, a picture of a French can-can dancer, and photos of manacled women in black stockings. Four microphones disguised as electrical wall outlets were installed for bugging; they were hooked up to two tape recorders, which agents monitored in an adjacent "listening post." For his own personal "observation post," White had a portable toilet set up behind a two-way mirror, where he could watch the proceedings, usually with drink in hand.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAFEHOUSE specialized in prostitutes. George White was in charge of supplying the women; he, in turn, delegated much of the pimping function to one of his assistants, Ira "Ike" Feldman. A muscular but very short man, Feldman tried even harder than his boss to act tough. Dressed in suede shoes, a suit with flared trousers, a hat with a turned-up brim, and a huge zircon ring, Feldman first came to San Francisco on an undercover assignment posing as an East Coast mobster looking to make a big heroin buy. Using a drug-addicted prostitute named Janet Jones, whose common-law husband says that Feldman paid her off with heroin, the undercover man lured a number of suspected drug dealers to the pad and then helped George White make his arrests.

As the head federal narcotics agent in San Francisco, White was in a position to reward or punish a prostitute. White paid off the women with a fixed number of "chits." For each chit, White owed one favor. "So the next time the girl was arrested with a john," says an MKULTRA veteran, "she would give the cop George White's phone number. The police all knew White and cooperated with him without asking questions. They would release the girl if he said so."

TSS officials wanted to find out everything they could about applying sex to spying, and the prostitute project became a general learning and then training ground for CIA carnal operations. Says one TSS official, "We did quite a study of prostitutes and their behavior.... At first nobody really knew how to use them. How do you train them? How do you work them? How do you take a woman who is willing to use her body to get money and teach her to get things that are much more important—like state secrets?"

The TSS men continually tried to refine their knowledge. They soon discovered that the postsexual, light-up-a-cigarette period was best suited to their ulterior motives. Says a source, "Most men who go to prostitutes are prepared for the fact that (after the act) she'll want to get back on the street to make more money.... Finding a prostitute who is willing to stay is a shock; it has a tremendous effect on the guy. It's a boost to his ego if she's telling him she wants to stay for a few more hours.... Most of the time, he gets pretty vulnerable. What is he going to talk about? Not the sex; so he starts talking about his business. It's at this time she can lead him gently. But you have to train prostitutes to do that."

The men from MKULTRA learned a great deal about varying sexual preferences. "We didn't know in those days about hidden sadism and all that sort of stuff," says one of them. "We learned a lot about human nature in the bedroom. We started to pick up knowledge that could be used in operations, but we never figured out any way to use a lot of our findings operationally. It comes across now that somehow we were just playing around and we found all these exotic ways to waste the taxpayers' money on satisfying our hidden urges. I'm not saying that watching prostitutes was not exciting; but there was a purpose to the whole business."

As the TSS men learned more about the San Francisco hustlers, they ventured outside the safehouse to try various clandestine delivery gimmicks in such public places as restaurants, bars, and beaches. They practiced ways to slip LSD to citizens of the demimonde while buying them a drink or lighting up a cigarette, and then they tried to observe the effects when the drug took hold. Because MKULTRA scientists did not move smoothly among the kinds of people they were testing, they did on occasion lose an unwitting victim in a crowd—thereby sending a stranger off alone with a head full of LSD.

In a larger sense, *all* the test victims became lost. As a matter of policy, Sid Gottlieb ordered that virtually no records be kept. In 1973, when Gottlieb retired from the agency, he and Richard Helms agreed to destroy what they thought were the few existing documents on the program. Neither Gottlieb nor any other MKULTRA man has confessed to having given LSD to an unknowing subject, or even to observing such an experiment—except of course in the case of Frank Olson, whose death left behind a paper trail outside of Gottlieb's control. Otherwise, Gottlieb and his colleagues have put all the blame for actual testing on George White, who is not now alive to defend himself. One reason why the MKULTRA veterans have gone to such lengths to conceal their role is obvious: fear of lawsuits from victims claiming damaged health.

'Where else could a red-blooded American boy,' wrote White,' lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the blessing of the highest?'

But at the time of the experiments, the subject's health was not a subject of concern. At the safehouse, where most of the testing took place, doctors were seldom present. Dr. James Hamilton, a Stanford Medical School psychiatrist and White's former OSS colleague, visited the place from time to time, apparently for studies connected to unwitting drug experiments and deviant sexual practices. Yet neither Hamilton nor any other doctor provided much medical supervision. George White could do no more than make surface observations of his drugged victims from his hidden viewpost at the toilet—a monitoring situation that even a trained medical expert would have found less than adequate for spotting a potential overdose.

Besides LSD, which they knew could cause serious, if not fatal, problems, TSS officials gave White even more exotic experimental drugs to test, drugs that other agency contractors may or may not already have used on human subjects. "If we were so scared of a drug that we wouldn't try it out on ourselves," recalls a TSS source, "we sent it to San Francisco." According to one CIA document, "In a number of instances, the test subject has become ill for hours or days, needing hospitalization in at least one case, and [White] could follow up only by guarded inquiry after the test subject's return to normal life."

The whole program could have been compromised if an outside doctor made a "correct diagnosis of an illness." Thus, the MKULTRA team not only made some people ill but had a vested interest in keeping doctors from finding out what was really wrong.

Increasingly, TSS operatives used the safehouse to test drugs, in the words of the same report, "on individuals of all social levels, high and low, native American and foreign." After all, they were looking for an operational payoff, and

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they knew that people reacted differently to LSD depending on factors that range from health and mood to personality structure. If TSS officials wanted to slip LSD to foreign leaders, as they contemplated doing to Fidel Castro, they would try to spring an unwitting dose on somebody as similar as possible. They used the safehouse for "dry runs" in the intermediate stage between the laboratory and actual operations.

For these dress rehearsals, George White and Ike Feldman enticed men to the apartment with prostitutes. An unsuspecting john would think he had purchased a night of pleasure and wind up zonked.

TSS officials found the San Francisco safehouse so successful that they opened two more testing sites, one in New York and a second under George White's auspices across the Golden Gate on the beach in Marin County. Unlike the downtown apartment, where an MKULTRA man says "you could bring people in for quickies after lunch," the suburban Marin County outlet proved useful for experiments that required relative isolation. There, TSS scientists tested such MKULTRA specialties as stink bombs, itching and sneezing powders, and diarrhea inducers. TSS's Ray Treichler, a Stanford chemist, sent these "harassment substances" out to California for testing by White, along with such delivery systems as a mechanical launcher that could throw a foul-smelling object 100 yards, glass ampules that could be stepped on in a crowd to release any of Treichler's powders, a hypodermic needle to inject drugs through the cork in a wine bottle, and a drug-coated swizzle stick.

TSS men also planned to use the Marin County safehouse for an ill-fated experiment that began when staff psychologists David Rhodes and Walter Pasternak spent a week circulating in bars, inviting strangers to a party. They wanted to spray LSD from an aerosol can on their guests, but according to Rhodes's senate testimony, "the weather defeated us." In the heat of the summer, they could not close the doors and windows long enough for the LSD to hang in the air and be breathed in. Sensing a botched operation, their MKULTRA colleague, John Gittinger (who brought the drug out from Washington) shut himself in the bathroom and let go with the spray. Rhodes testified that Gittinger nevertheless did not get high, and the men apparently scrubbed the party. Rhodes's 1977 testimony about this incident, which had been set up in advance with Senator Edward Kennedy's staff, brought on the inevitable "Gang That Couldn't Spray Straight" headline in the Washington *Post*. This approach turned the public perception of a deadly serious program into a kind of practical joke carried out badly by a bunch of bumblers.

THE MKULTRA CREW CONTINUED unwitting testing until the summer of 1963, when the agency's new inspector general, John Earman, stumbled across the safehouses during a regular inspection of TSS activities. Much to the displeasure of Sid Gottlieb and Richard Helms, Earman questioned the propriety of the safehouses, and he insisted that the director at the time, John McCone, be given a full briefing. Although President Kennedy had put McCone in charge of the agency the year before, Helms—the professional's professional—had not bothered to tell his outsider boss about some of the CIA's most sensitive activities, including the safehouses. Faced with Earman's demands, Helms volunteered to tell McCone himself about the safehouses (rather than have Earman go in and present a negative view of the program). Sure enough, Helms told Earman afterward, McCone raised no objections to unwitting testing (as Helms had described it).

A determined man, Earman countered with a written report to McCone recommending the safehouses be closed. He cited the risks of exposure and pointed out that many people both inside and outside the agency found "the concepts involved in manipulating human behavior...to be distasteful and unethical." McCone reacted by suspending unwitting testing, but he put off a final decision. Over the next year, Helms, who then headed the Clandestine Services, wrote at least three memos urging resumption. He cited "indications...of an apparent Soviet aggressiveness in the field of covertly administered chemicals," and he claimed the CIA's "positive operational capacity to use drugs is diminishing owing to a lack of realistic testing." Helms was a master of telling different people different stories to suit his purposes. At the precise time he was raising the Soviet menace to scare McCone into letting the unwitting testing continue, he wrote the Warren Commission that Soviet behavioral research lagged five years behind the West.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Former CIA head John McCone

McCone simply did nothing for two years. Nevertheless, his indecision had the effect of killing the program. TSS officials closed the San Francisco safehouse in 1965.

Years later in a personal letter to Sid Gottlieb, George White wrote an epitaph for his role in the program: "I was a very minor missionary, actually a heretic, but I toiled wholeheartedly in the vineyards because it was fun, fun, fun. Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape, and pillage with the blessing of the all highest?"

After 10 years of unwitting testing, the men from MKULTRA apparently scored no breakthroughs with LSD. They had not given the CIA control over the human mind.

Gottlieb and his fellow searchers came frustratingly close to their goal—turning a man into a puppet—but always fell short of finding a reliable control mechanism. There was no doubt that LSD penetrated the innermost regions of the mind. It could set loose a whole gamut of feelings, from terror to insight. But in the end, the human psyche proved so complex that even the most skilled manipulator could not anticipate all the variables. He could use LSD and other drugs to chip away at free will. He could score temporary victories, and he could alter moods, perception—sometimes even beliefs. But ultimately he could not conquer the human spirit.

It took the men from MKULTRA a decade to find out about these operational shortcomings. In the process, they and their military intelligence counterparts established a near-monopoly on the supply of LSD in America. In fact, these spy agencies largely created and controlled the entire field of LSD research until the late 1950s. Volunteers who had tried LSD under government auspices at Harvard and other intellectual centers spread the word about the extraordinary drug that seemed to open up new levels of consciousness. A black market soon sprang up to satisfy the unofficial demand they created. The result was, to borrow some hyperbole from the musical *Hair*, "the youth of America on LSD." While the CIA does not deserve all the blame for this outcome, the fact remains that by spreading LSD across the country in the hope of finding ways to control human behavior, the agency played a key—however unintended—role in turning on the counterculture of the 1960s. America has not been the same since. ◉

John Marks is a freelance investigative reporter and author of The Search for the "Manchurian Candidate" *(Times Books), from which this article has been excerpted.*

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The IMF
Roughest Bank in Town

by Ron Chernow

FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, Peru—a country hitherto spared the Latin American dialectic of left-wing terror and military reprisals—has been jarred by riots, sabotage, looting, arson. Power stations have been blown up, factories wrecked, railroad tracks uprooted. To squash two general strikes—the first in Peru since 1919—the military has resorted to martial law, rounded up hundreds of dissenters, and killed at least two dozen demonstrators. In June the military junta briefly postponed elections for a Constitutional Assembly, a blow to the restoration of civilian rule. The turmoil hasn't been the mischief of radical cadres. Rather it has been a spontaneous protest against the end to government food and fuel subsidies ordered by those most sober of all economists—the highly respected technicians of the International Monetary Fund.

Increasingly, the IMF has found itself splashed across front-page headlines as its programs have caused angry, and even bloody, protests. Some analysts date Sadat's autocratic turn to a 1977 IMF plan that slashed Egyptian food subsidies and unleashed riots that left hundreds dead. In Zaïre, the IMF has amassed such power that a Fund technician is now installed in the Central Bank to oversee economic activity. In Jamaica, the Fund has become *the* hot political issue, with pro- and anti-Fund signs now placarding the island. Even in England, the seemingly omnipotent Fund got the Callaghan government to espouse such deflationary policies that a Labor government found itself saddled with a Tory program of public-service cutbacks. Mindful of this clout, few would quibble with Cheryl Payer's appraisal in her anti-Fund polemic, *The Debt Trap*: "The International Monetary Fund is the most powerful supranational government in the world today. The resources it controls and its power to interfere in the internal affairs of borrowing nations give it the authority of which United Nations advocates can only dream."

This may seem like an extreme indictment of a 136-member organization that performs a short-term technical function: monitoring exchange rates and aiding countries in balance-of-payments crises (its sister institution, the World Bank, is responsible for long-term development, and both are technically part of the United Nations). But the Fund has recently gained immense power over many needy countries.

Originally, the IMF was a response to the anarchy of global markets between the world wars. Struggling with high unemployment, many countries tried to cheapen their wares through competitive devaluations. These "beggar-thy-neighbor" policies set the stage for the Great Depression. In 1944 the Bretton Woods conference created the IMF as a multilateral umpire to supervise a system of fixed exchange rates; the organization was also empowered to make small loans to tide countries over the temporary payments deficits that are an inescapable part of free trade.

But this modest picture is a thing of the past. The upheavals of the Seventies—the OPEC price boost, the commodity boom, stagflation in the industrial countries—have produced balance-of-payments nightmares in many countries. While a few nations—the OPEC

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bloc, Germany, and Japan—are storing up whopping surpluses, the planet is also strewn with casualty countries, losers in the free-trade game. Developing countries are especially prone to such deficits, since they must import capital goods to develop. When such a country runs out of foreign exchange, it must turn to the IMF, as the lender of last resort, for cash to purchase crucial imports. Suddenly, the IMF is swamped with customers, and desperate ones at that, giving it far more power than the architects of Bretton Woods could have imagined. But the IMF's authority doesn't end there: It has emerged as the Standard & Poor's of global finance. Private bankers commonly balk on all further loans till a country has trimmed its sails to IMF specifications. This "linkage" has magnified the already awesome power of the IMF's $40 billion in currency reserves, and made it the "enforcer" of the Western capital market.

THIS SUDDEN access to power has sparked accusations that the IMF functions as a repressive tool of the industrial nations that dominate it. "A hundred years ago imperialism meant working with guns and arms and gunpowder," says Eduardo Pesqueira, a recently retired executive director of the World Bank who represented Mexico and six other Latin nations. "In our day, it is much more subtle and fine. It works through international organizations. It is the newest and finest expression of imperialism."

Clearly the world needs such a monetary paladin. But the source of contention is the conditions that the IMF claps onto loans—conditions, say Third World diplomats, that have become increasingly astringent and restrictive. Though the Fund claims that it only specifies broad fiscal and monetary targets—for instance, next year's inflation rate—developing countries claim that the Fund has gotten into the habit of spelling out exactly how such targets should be met—by devaluing the currency, cutting back public works, etc.

"The measures that many countries have to take are nearly tantamount to surrendering their sovereignty in the economic field," says Muhammad Al-Atrash, another recently departed IMF executive director from Syria (and 15 other Arab nations). "The Fund should *not* adopt the position of an overall economic reformer."

Another Third World director, requesting anonymity, grumbled about the "delusions of grandeur" of the staff in dictating tough terms to sovereign states. "These chaps should not go about like children dressed in policemen's uniforms—bang, bang, bang," said the director, as if firing a cap gun. "This is not a rich man's club." The terms which the IMF staff sets as conditions for its short-term loans invariably embody the conservative goal of combating inflation by reducing government spending—and, consequently, reducing welfare-state measures. Not surprisingly, IMF programs have proven least palatable to the poor and have provoked popular revolts. This has raised the question of whether democratic regimes, sensitive to human rights, can possibly satisfy the Fund without resorting to muscle to squash wide-scale protests.

The Fund is supercryptic and tight-lipped: Its missions are rarely photographed and even carry in tow a private secretary to insure confidentiality.

Here Peru's example is particularly instructive. American bankers so fully shared the nation's sanguine view of an export-rich future that they pumped $1 billion into its economy. But a syndrome was at work that would pauperize Peru and make it, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, "the biggest problem for U.S. bankers" of all the developing countries: World grain prices rose in tandem with oil prices; the cost of Western goods outpaced the price of Third World commodities; the market slumped for Peru's sugar, copper, and iron exports; public-works boondogglers strapped the country with debt; the anchovies disappeared from the Peruvian coast; and the Peruvian generals' gluttonous appetite for arms sealed the country's fate. As the debt mounted to $8 billion, and Peru threatened to become the first Third World nation to default on its loans, the World Bank and other Western-dominated credit sources cold-shouldered a country that had nationalized foreign oil and copper companies. The bankers panicked.

"The problem in Peru was that the foreign banks got into the position of having to deal with the government as if they were the IMF," says Robert V. Roosa, Undersecretary of the Treasury for International Monetary Affairs in the Kennedy administration. "It proved necessary to push the bank consortium aside and get a more accredited body of international civil servants to take over that role in Peru."

Apparently the bankers had gotten so jittery about Peru's future, and the increasingly hostile attitude that was characterizing the banks as "imperialists," that the Fund was viewed as just the neutral body to straighten things out. But it was IMF's program of monetary and spending restraints that ultimately triggered the violent reaction.

Since many of the IMF's major customers are developing countries like Peru, it may seem curious that these nations, all members of the Fund, fail to work out a less painful policy. One reason is that the IMF is, in fact, a "rich man's club."

While the group has 136 member countries, the U.S. casts a weighted vote of about 20 percent; the major 10 industrial powers jointly control a majority of votes. The rationale for this is that the larger countries contribute the bulk of currency reserves and should be entitled to commensurate power. A Fund spokesman stresses that countries join voluntarily: "The IMF is a private club and the members must accept its rules." But critics retort that membership is really compulsory in the contemporary world; otherwise a country will be frozen out of the World Bank, other international development agencies, and the private credit markets.

The upshot of this lopsided power structure is that developing countries often feel that they operate under a double whammy in the Fund. While the Fund staff lays down especially strict conditions for them, it eases off on the special friends of the big powers.

"In developing countries, the IMF will say, 'Okay, we don't want to see expenses for armaments,'" says Samuel Nana-Sinkam, an IMF director from Cameroon. "But if they go to Europe and the country says, 'But these armaments are for strategic purposes,' the Fund will just close its eyes."

Conversely, most IMF and World Bank directors privately concede that the U.S. and Western European countries manage to obtain special favors for their poorer friends in the Fund. Jim Morrell, head of the Washington-based Center for International Policy, concluded, in a study of confidential IMF Executive Board minutes, that U.S. allies like Argentina and South Africa received far softer terms from the Fund than left-leaning governments like Jamaica or Peru.

The IMF's domination by the great industrial powers—in glaring contrast to

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the United Nations itself—means not only that right-wing nations may get a break over left-wing, but that the economic ideology of the great powers will prevail. Last May, H. Johannes Witteveen, former IMF managing director, gave a speech in London setting forth the monetarist underpinnings of the Fund. Witteveen endorsed the classic conservative argument that inflation comes, not from oil or wheat cartels, but from the prodigality of people: Consistent with this ancient wisdom, he conceded that the Fund prefers to damp down demand—rather than clamp on price controls—to solve inflation. Repeatedly, Witteveen credited the pricing system—the conservative's free-market solution of choice—as the Fund's favorite economic lever.

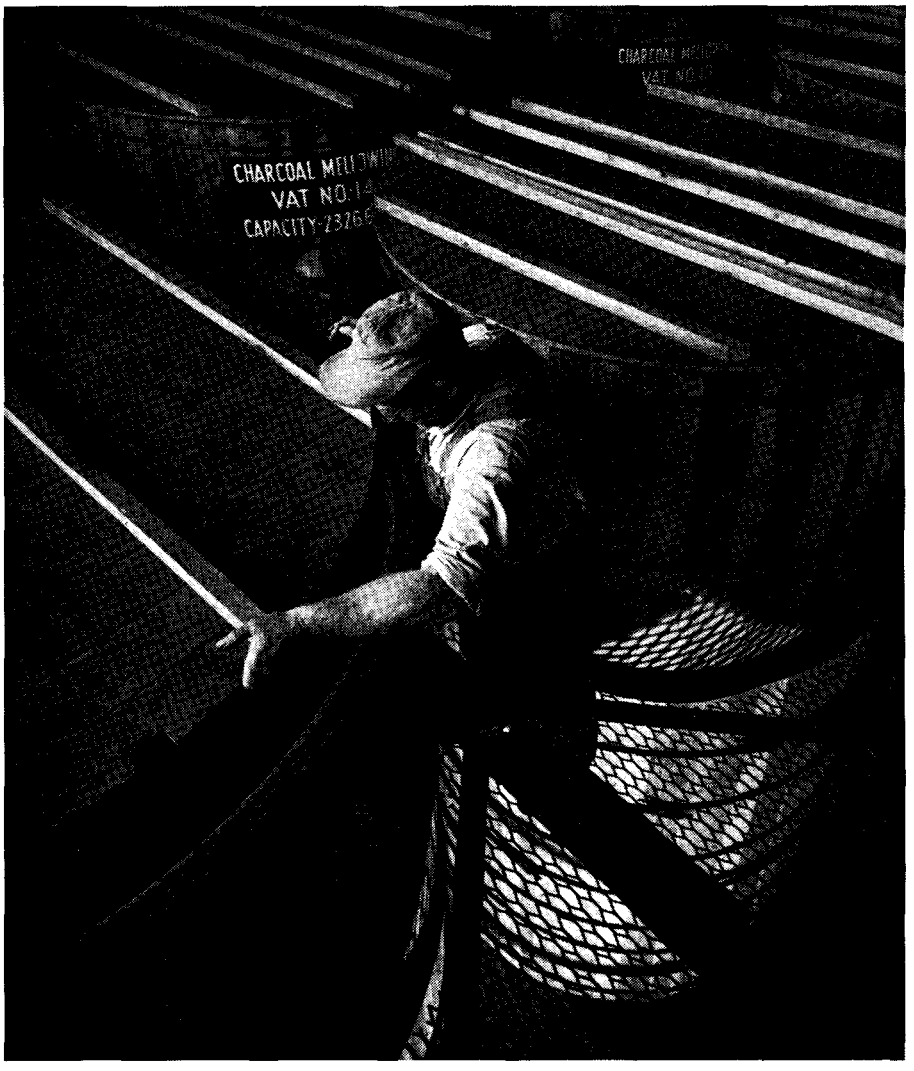
"Their clear predilection is toward free markets and laissez faire," says Howard Wachtel, an economics professor at American University. "When you look at the IMF agreements, there's a standard format, almost a prefabricated plan—devalue the currency, eliminate subsidies for food and other necessities, free the markets, and make the investment climate better for foreign corporations."

Even a Fund defender like Robert Solomon, an economist at the Brookings Institution, wonders how perfectly IMF programs have been tailored to individual economies. "I have the feeling that there is a tendency in the Fund to apply classical, well-accepted policies, when perhaps something more innovative, imaginative, and less traditional is needed."

The IMF itself makes little attempt to counter these criticisms. The Fund is supercryptic and tight-lipped about how it works, and studiously colorless in its public image. When the Fund sends a team of economists to Lima or Islamabad, it spends weeks quietly poring over the country's books in a sweeping economic review. These missions are rarely photographed and even carry in tow a private secretary to insure confidentiality. After the Fund negotiates a loan program, it issues a terse communiqué of several paragraphs—that's it.

But the IMF has plenty of defenders, many of whom spy a certain hypocrisy behind charges that the Fund "imposes" terms. They contend that many governments secretly approve of Fund programs which they know will prove politically unpopular. Then they call in the Fund to do the dirty work and serve as the lightning rod for criticism that would otherwise be directed at them.

"It really is pretty unlikely that the IMF is going to impose conditions that some significant part of the government



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isn't already in favor of," says Solomon. "It's not a *deus ex machina* that comes from outside and tells them what to do."

But the Fund continues to be criticized by human-rights advocates, who feel that countries must resort to repression to enforce tough austerity programs. They backed a partially successful human-rights amendment that Rep. Thomas Harkins (D-Iowa) and Senator James Abourezk (D-South Dakota) tried to tack on to an authorization bill for a new $10 billion IMF facility. The move succeeded in requiring the U.S. executive director to the Fund to draft an annual report to Congress, appraising the impact of certain IMF loans on food supply, housing, public services, and productive jobs in the recipient countries. But sponsors couldn't muster support for a clause that would have obligated the U.S. director to the Fund to oppose loans to countries that violate basic human rights. Third World Fund members seem sympathetic to the spirit of the amendment. But they would prefer to see fewer—rather than more—conditions imposed on IMF loans, as a means of achieving the same results. As a result, the IMF will probably remain the only international agency in which the U.S. delegation is not bound by some kind of human-rights language.

Beyond human rights, the deeper and more critical dilemma for the Fund may be the clash between short-term stabilization programs and the long-term development of Third World economies. When the IMF demands budget cuts to curb inflation, the member country can't shut hospitals or schools or fire hordes of civil servants; the most expendable item is often the development program. Some Third World diplomats are fatalistic about this conflict between immediate stability and long-term development. G. Arthur Brown, former head of the Jamaican Central Bank and now deputy administrator for the U.N. Development Program, likens the situation of a Peru or Egypt to that of a man with a broken leg who is suddenly crushed in a car accident and is bleeding to death. "You have to deal with the bleeding even if it prejudices the leg," says Brown.

But other Third World strategists argue that their countries cannot afford to stagnate while they iron out their foreign-exchange problems. Indeed, they say, underdevelopment is really the root cause of their deficits. They feel that much more sizable IMF loans, with fewer strings attached, would enable them to satisfy foreign creditors without crippling a development program. Repeatedly they stress that the surplus countries are equally responsible for maintaining equilibrium in world trade.

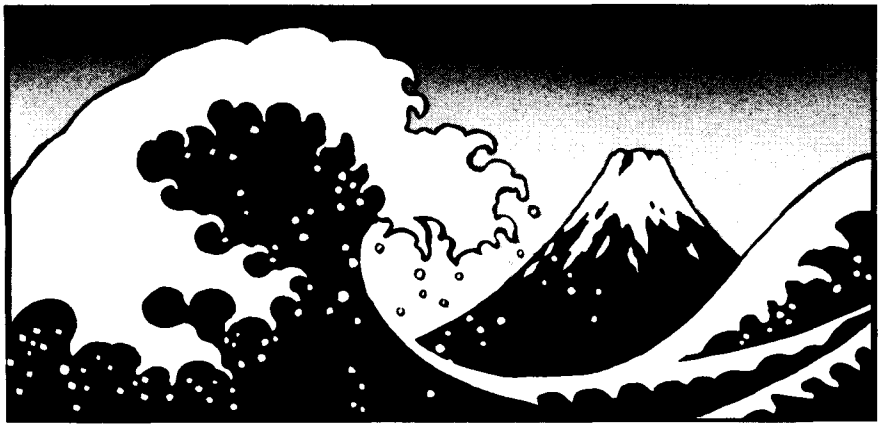
In the final analysis, the Fund's critics believe that it must cease to be a crusty conservative institution that recruits staff only from banks and monetarist economics faculties. "These people should have a background in development economics, politics, and sociology," says Syria's Al-Atrash. "There should also be people who occupied senior positions in their governments and whose economic theory is refined by practical experience."

AT THE SAME time, the developing countries feel there must be more flexibility in the Fund's noble free-trade philosophy if it is to work as well for poor countries as it has in the past for the rich. They argue that their infant industries need protection in a world rife with sophisticated, aggressive Western businessmen. Likewise, most of them would prefer taxing luxury imports to burdening the poor people with higher food and fuel prices as a means of bringing down import bills.

Any discussion with developing-country diplomats inevitably winds up with the preventive medicine of the "new international economic order," a package of proposals being pushed by the Third World that includes commodity agreements to stabilize raw-material prices, increased financial and technical aid, and a renegotiation of the debt burden that now traps so many poor countries. A country like Peru, they point out, has been penalized as much by the sudden slump in world sugar, iron, and copper prices as by its own costly errors. It was perhaps inevitable that OPEC price rises and stagflation in the West would, under present circumstances, deal it the *coup de grâce*. If free trade is to flourish, conclude IMF critics, then the rules of the games must be slightly altered so that everyone competes on a more equal footing. Says the United Nations' Arthur Brown: "If the people who export copper and bananas and sugar had more stable earnings and higher unit prices, clearly they'd be better able to withstand these international vicissitudes that occur from time to time."

Till that time, many poor countries will continue to bleed while the IMF supplies its deep, painful surgery. ◉

Ron Chernow is a contributor to Mother Jones, New York, *and other magazines.*



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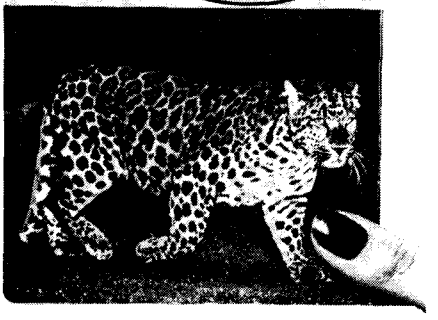

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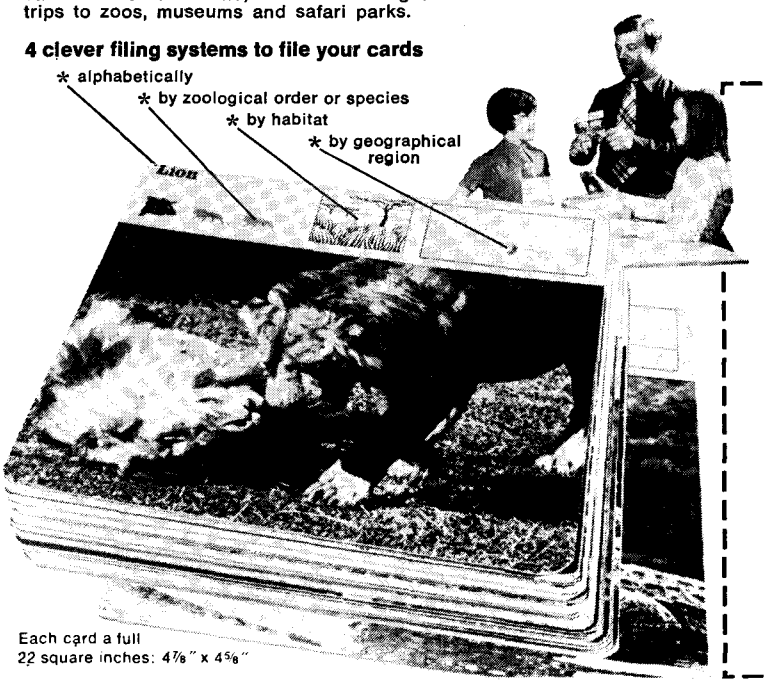

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Television Evangelism
Milking the Flock

by John Mariani

JIM HARTER

Top left, Garner Ted Armstrong; right, Oral Roberts; bottom, Robert Schuller.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED I died and went to heaven, and God looked just like Fred Silverman. He was surrounded by several blonde female angels in diaphanous robes. Sitting at His left hand was an evocation of Billy Graham, whom He loved well. And at His right hand sat a silver-haired man in ministerial raiment. And God said to this man, "Into thy hands, Robert Schuller, I commend My spirit. Go ye and preach the Gospel to all stations. And don't come back to heaven until you're pulling a 22 Nielsen with a 32 share." And so, brandishing a Bible in one hand and a blow-dryer in the other, Dr. Robert H. Schuller was beamed down to a California television tower, from which he emerged incarnate in double-knit robes.

I awoke with a start, and, my slumbers disturbed, proceeded to turn on the television. A celestial chorus singing "In Christ there is no East or West" boomed forth from the tube's warmed-up darkness, followed by the smiling image of a preacher declaiming to a flock of cars at a drive-in church. "This is the day the Lord has made!" he shouted. "Let us rejoice and be glad in it! Turn your hurt into a halo and the scar into a star!" The preacher was Dr. Robert H. Schuller, and I, feeling like Alice peeking through the looking-glass, cried out, "This is no dream!"

No, it was simply another telecast of *The Hour of Power*, starring one of the medium's most flamboyant personalities, Reverend Robert Schuller, whose message to America is updated Norman Vincent Peale—positive thinking, Christian fulfillment, religious self-help. Schuller is a stunning speaker, a grand raconteur, and seems wholly sincere. Borrowing a line from "The Birth of the Blues," he tells people to root out their emotional aches and pains: "Don't *nurse* them and re*hearse* them, but dis*perse* them! Or else you will finally develop what psychologists call a neurosis, an abnormal attention to a compulsive emotion, and that will make you sick!"

Schuller is by far the most palatable of TV preachers, as well as the best showman. His brand of Christian optimism works especially well in middle-class markets like southern California, and his advisers have sometimes kept his *Hour of Power* off stations in the more conservative, fundamentalist enclaves of the South. His broadcasts pull in $10.9 million annually in donations, but he has never been accused of fiscal misconduct, as have evangelists like Billy Graham and others who labor in the vineyards of what has often been called "prime-time religion" and "the electric church."

TV evangelism is a booming business. Organized established churches are feeling the pinch, contending that the super-slick show-biz techniques of preachers on the tube take money out of church coffers and bodies out of church pews. Throughout the South and Midwest there are still a number of fundamentalist evangelists on television whose programs serve up equal portions of fire-and-brimstone, choruses of "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," and commercials for plastic, glow-in-the-dark Jesuses.

But the guilt-ridden super-sell and the Elmer Gantryism are now being replaced by mannered, smiling evangelists in vested suits whose telecasts are marked by lavish variety-show production numbers. They broadcast testimonies from Las Vegas entertainers like Robert Goulet and Jerry Lewis, sports figures like Sugar Ray Robinson, born-again government officials (Chuck Colson is a frequent guest). The message is one of pure fervor—good works are unnecessary, social action uncalled for—a video-induced adrenalin for the religious nervous system. A recent Gallup poll financed by 29 religious groups indicates that 34 percent of those questioned considered themselves born-again Christians. Analyzing the survey results, George Gallup, Jr. suggested that the traditional clergy may be un-

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prepared to "deal with religious experience," and recommended providing "a special ministry" to those "people who are all charged up about their faith."

"Charged up" is the key phrase. The devotion of Americans to the television tube and its preachments is so strong that it now acts as teacher, lawgiver, social arbiter, and entertainer all at once, in the same way church liturgy once did. We respond like acolytes to the guiding light of the tube; it mesmerizes us at our most receptive moments, it nourishes our spirit, it refreshes us and puts us to sleep. Thus, the televised confessions of frailty, guilt, misdemeanor, or felony by Chuck Colson and lesser sinners become inspirational events, the modern equivalents of revivalist baptisms. One cannot help but be *charged* by the release and expiation of such images, as if Moses had descended the mountain with horns of light issuing from his head, a gimmick that would immediately take the Israelites' attention away from the static golden calf.

INDEED, THE HISTORY of evangelism is the history of communication miracles. Even the Old Testament prophets and New Testament saints occasionally spoke in tongues, and the burning bush was a wonder in its day. The Roman Catholics' use of music, theatrics, light, shadow, incense, and extravagant costumes has been criticized by Protestants since the Reformation, and the live telecast of Pope Paul VI's funeral on all three networks had the best color coverage of a spectacle since the '76 Olympics. The churches have always stood ready to embrace new technology: The first books set into movable type were, after all, Bibles. Radio, the voice in the box, was an immediate success with evangelists, but the demands of television—color, light, visual excitement—are only now being realized by preachers and religious groups.

There are at least 25 stations almost wholly devoted to religious programming today. Dr. Schuller's sermons go out to 170 stations nationwide; the Christian Broadcasting Network, currently reaching 130 commercial (the same number as ABC) and 4,000 cable stations in North America, is now beaming the Word to 60 satellite stations in 20 U.S. cities; and Oral Roberts's broadcasts are watched by as many as 62 million people worldwide. What hath God wrought?

Most of these evangelical appeals are low-key and designed, like politicians' speeches, to be inoffensive to the largest number of viewers. Sometimes the displays of pecuniary zeal have led

On June 22, at 1:57 a.m., 520 very special people will celebrate the sun's Summer Solstice at the base of the Great Pyramid. You could be one of them.

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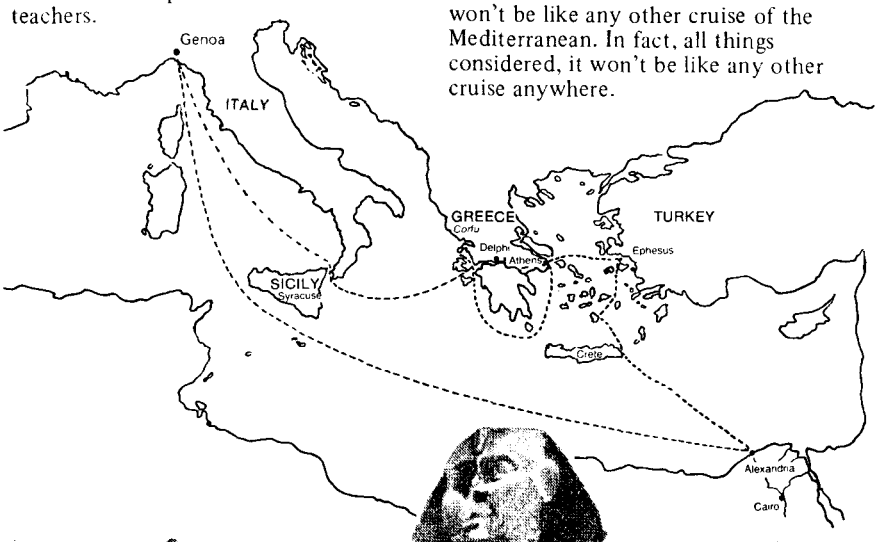
Departure date for this very special 14 day voyage is June 16th, so send the coupon below for more information right away.

The truth is, the "Evolution of Consciousness" Mediterranean Cruise won't be like any other cruise of the Mediterranean. In fact, all things considered, it won't be like any other cruise anywhere.



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to abuses and tasteless exercises in pure greed. The San Francisco-based station KVOF (the "Voice of Faith"), Channel 38, is overseen by Pastor Gene Scott, who tells his audience, "If you are against channel 38, you are not only against me, you are against God," which means that tax collectors are in league with the devil to undermine Scott's ministry. (Studio facilities and transmitters are taxable, and since there may be a profit to Scott, he is also liable for personal income taxes.) San Francisco tax revenuers want Scott to pay $21,300 personal property tax; Los Angeles County wants $150,000; and Hartford, Connecticut, is seeking $80,000. The FCC has made no ruling on the right of tax-exempt church organizations to make direct appeals for donations via television, allowing the evangelists to milk their flock and avoid rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

Scott's appeals are to the wealthy, and he even asks corporations to contribute 10 percent of their profits. When his station employees sought to form a union, he fired them all. When the *Hartford Courant* blasphemed Scott, the evangelist slapped the newspaper's name on a watermelon, which he then interviewed on the air.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA evangelist, Garner Ted Armstrong, was recently excommunicated by his father, Herbert Armstrong (founder of the worldwide Church of God), after several former students at the church's Ambassador College published an 88-page report criticizing the institution's fiscal management and accusing Garner Ted of sexual dalliance with female church members.

One of Armstrong's most celebrated converts, chess master Bobby Fischer, has charged the church with squandering $90,000 of his donations and with using Madison Avenue techniques to win souls. The elder Armstrong, who had in fact once been an advertising man, began preaching the gospel 40 years ago on radio, and his son Garner did his proselytizing on more than 300 television stations until recently. The Church of God brings in $65 million each year.

Possibly the slickest and most sophisticated evangelical network is the PTL (Praise the Lord) Club, which buys $7.4 million of air time annually and reaches 198 affiliates and 3,000 cable stations worldwide. Like the Christian Broadcasting Network, the PTL Club uses a talk-show format modeled on the *Tonight Show*, right down to the plastic ferns and living room furniture one has come to expect on such shows.

The PTL Club is hosted by a jolly, rotund preacher named Jim Bakker, who decided years ago that television is the only medium people respond to these days, and mixing testimony with musical acts (all introduced with appropriate band music just like the Mike Douglas, Merv Griffin, and Dinah Shore shows) brings the Christian message home. Bakker has a sidekick, who is the spitting image of Ed McMahon, whose job it is to laugh at Bakker's jokes and to bolster every sentiment with a soulful, "Praise God!"

A typical PTL Club episode will involve celebrities and preachers as well as simple folk such as the couple who recently told how they forgave the man who raped and murdered their daughter. They had visited him in prison and were now showing the audience snapshots of themselves with their arms around the murderer's shoulders.

On another PTL telecast a guest evangelist brought the metaphysical conceit to a new low when he said, "You know, when you eat onions, you're gonna burp a foul onion smell. But when you eat God, you'll burp a sweet odor to the world." This was followed by a young man with a microphone color-coordinated to his suit, who sang, "Jesus, Jesus, there's something about that name," as if he were auditioning for a gay production of *West Side Story*.

Oral Roberts has changed his role from that of screeching faith healer to become the Ed Sullivan of the evangelical networks. Roberts began his ministry during the Depression, broadcast his first radio shows in 1942, and went on television in 1968. His Mabee Center for TV transmission at Oral Roberts University in Oklahoma beams out a weekly half-hour series and occasional specials with the sophistication of Hollywood's best production units.

Roberts's stage is awash in colored lights. The audience is cued, there is a drum roll, spotlights blast the proscenium, and on come a dozen or more smiling faces in a chorus line, singing "God is greater than anyone can tell." The women, ethnically balanced in number, look like variations on Charlie's Angels in discreet ball gowns; the men are all Bruce Jenner look-alikes in J.C. Penney vested suits.

INTO THE SPOTLIGHT steps Oral Roberts's son, a midwestern version of Johnny Desmond, who croons songs that might have been written by Barry Manilow. Oral Roberts's wife also makes regular appearances on the show, and her husband has made much of her supportiveness through the

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years. Roberts himself is perfectly coiffed and has the demeanor of an Oklahoma State football coach giving a pep talk. In direct contrast to his former ministry of faith-healing, he now stresses medical science, soliciting funds to build his City of Faith Hospital. Still, Roberts's request for donations is subtle and incidental to his evangelical message, which is, simply, let Christ into your heart and be made whole. We are then treated to a reprise of "God is greater than anyone can tell," and in the fade-out a pleasant announcer makes a last appeal for money.

Recently Oral Roberts was a guest on Robert Schuller's show. Schuller stood there in his gray and black vestments, his arms folded, his smile giving off a sense of dominance as Roberts, in his vested suit, seemed to preach right to Schuller's face. Then the two men grasped hands, gave a benediction, and Schuller gave a speech entitled "Bounce-back-ability," ending with the words, "May God bless you as you worship Him with your offerings."

I do not mean to put Schuller in the same alms-box with the rest of the TV evangelists. He is, I think, a special case, and I do not doubt his utter belief in Christian optimism. Look what God has done for him:

Born an Iowa farm boy, Schuller became a voice crying in the California desert, one freeway exit from Disneyland. Twenty years ago he arrived in the area with $500 in his pocket, and rented space atop the snack bar of the Orange Drive-In Theater. His ads in local newspapers read, "Come as you are/In the family car," for Schuller had a revelation that the automobile was as fine and private a prayer cubicle as a Los Angeleno could want. His present church, a remarkable modern structure with sliding panels that open onto the parking-lot laity, stands in what Schuller calls "a 22-acre shopping center for Jesus Christ." Ah, City of Angels! Souls in sedans! Theology to the Thunderbirds!

Architect Philip Johnson has even designed an all-glass star-shaped cathedral, now being built, of which he says: "A church has no purpose except to back up the ritual of the liturgy. Take the doors. They're 80 feet high and 12 feet wide. And the opening of those doors will look great on TV. Dr. Schuller knows exactly what he's doing."

He must. Schuller's Garden Grove Church (a chapter of the Dutch Reformed) has 9,000 local members. In July of 1970 Schuller began buying cheap local television time—the so-called Sunday morning "ghetto hours"—and *The Hour of Power* was an immediate hit. A year later, against all reasonable conjecture, ratings for the show in New York were boffo. Today Schuller buys about $70,000 worth of air time weekly, although many stations take *The Hour of Power* free of charge and punch it into their FCC-mandated "public interest" slots. Broadcasts, which bring in 40,000 letters each week, and book sales account for $10.9 million each year. All, says producer Mike Mason, is plowed back into the Church. Schuller receives a $39,000 salary and drives a Cadillac Seville given to him by a wealthy parishioner. No one has ever accused Schuller of robbing the coffers of the Garden Grove Church, but he has taken criticism for using show-biz techniques on his broadcasts, although there is much less razzle-dazzle on *The Hour of Power* than on most of the evangelical broadcasts.

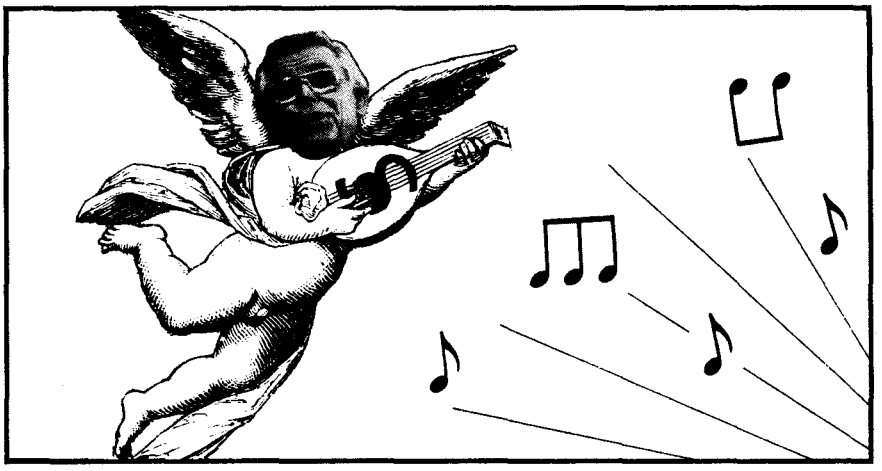
"But I am *not* an evangelist," insists Schuller. "I have never appeared in a tent and I do not perform faith healing. We went on television because there were no televised church services in the Los Angeles area. People say I don't preach enough about social problems. But if we are to use the media, we must respect the individual's dignity. I can't insult my audience. With my local parishioners I can exhort them to social action, but I must *broadcast*, not *narrowcast*, on television. As for using the medium itself, I think that ceremony fills a need. I am terribly self-critical and never worry about being a media superstar."

But Schuller, along with Billy Graham and Oral Roberts, is indeed a superstar. It was Schuller who was asked to speak at Hubert Humphrey's funeral, and Jesse Jackson has admitted Schuller's influence on his own ministry. Given the bland oratory of most preachers, the pop-baroque exultations of Schuller, together with the visual kick of the medium itself, have turned him into a personality.

Americans need to make the teleological leap, and, like all icons, media personalities become our direct line to hope and easeful grace. I shall never forget the experience of reading the graffiti scrawled on the stone wall that surrounds Elvis Presley's mansion (called, righteously enough, Gracelands). People came from all over the world to display their emotion at this wailing wall, and amidst the "Elvis we love you" inscriptions were Gospel poems and eulogies of folkloric lyricism. One wrote, "Elvis is king, and there is no greater." Another, "Elvis is not dead—he's just on tour with God."

Now do you understand? ◉

John Mariani is writing a cultural and social study of America's Sun Belt ethic.



AUDITING THE OFFERINGS

Television preaching has become quite a lucrative business. Many evangelistic associations reap profits (from direct contributions or affiliated enterprises) equaling those of many multinational corporations. Listed below are the 1976 proceeds of the best-known organizations. Donations from individuals usually average 80 percent of each figure.

Church of God	$65 million
Christian Broadcast Network	$58 million
Billy Graham Evangelistic Association	$38 million
Thomas Road Baptist Church	$32.5 million
Praise the Lord Club	$25 million
Garden Grove Community Church	$10.9 million
Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association	not available

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LOOKOUTS

Storybook Ballet

The Pennsylvania Ballet, possibly the best of the non-New York-based professional ballet companies, has been celebrating its 15th birthday—in Philadelphia, its home city; at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, its second home; and on tour. A special treat of the anniversary year is its utterly entrancing production of ballet's most popular comedy classic, *Coppélia*.

The costumes and the settings for this three-act ballet seem to have come straight from your favorite storybook. And Petrus Bosman's lively, hearty staging of the folklike dances (the mazurka and czardas especially) are as delightful as the sets.

Ted Kivitt and Michelle Lucci in Coppélia

At one of the BAM performances, Michelle Lucci was a vivacious and technically brilliant Swanilda (the heroine) and a slimmed-down Ted Kivitt, once an American Ballet Theatre principal and now a Pennsylvanian, was a fine, ardent Franz (the hero). The company? Splendid! The Pennsylvania Ballet, directed by its founder, Barbara Weisberger, and Benjamin Harkarvy, will return to BAM February 27 to March 4, this time in a repertory that will include ballets by George Balanchine as well as works by some new choreographers.

Jean-Pierre Rampal

Magic Flutists

Over the next three months, the indefatigable Jean-Pierre Rampal will be touring North America (a complete schedule is available from Colbert Artists Management, 111 West 57 Street, New York, New York 10019). Flutist Rampal—whose talent, versatility, and charismatic stage presence have earned him a following of the size usually reserved for rock stars—can also be heard in a new RCA release, *Mozart Flute Concerti*, with one of *SR*'s Heroes of 1978 (see December issue), violinist Isaac Stern.

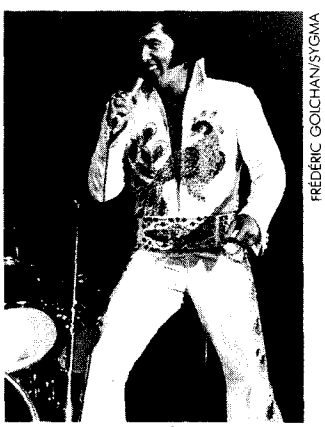
Another flutist, Dave Valentin, has just had his first solo record issued by Arista. Despite the Hallmark-card-like packaging of *Legends*—Valentin, flute, field, and flower—it's light, clear, and effortless, with a jazz-Latin undercurrent that keeps it from becoming sugary sweet.

Dave Valentin

Early Beatles

The Originals

The recent inundation of Elvis clones, Beatles clones, Hendrix clones (we could go on) will make *Heroes of Rock 'n' Roll* all the more refreshing, to say the least. Almost a hundred clips (from television shows, films, newsreels, and private collections) of performers from Fats Domino to Chubby Checker to the Rolling Stones make up the two-hour special, to be aired February 9 on ABC.



FRÉDÉRIC GOICHAN/SYGMA

Late Elvis

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Dyslexic Victor

Reading is second nature to most of us. But for over 23 million Americans this simple task is filled with pitfalls at every step. Afflicted with a neurophysiological disorder, dyslexia's victims unknowingly reverse letters, words, and numbers, and are often unfairly pegged as stupid, lazy, or retarded.

In her new book, *Reversals: A Personal Account of Victory Over Dyslexia* (Houghton/ Mifflin), psychotherapist Eileen Simpson searches her past to give us a touching but informative picture of the life of a dyslexic. Her school years were filled with pain and humiliation, and only after struggling through college did she discover that her mysterious disability had a name and could be treated, if not cured.

According to Simpson, many high-ranking statesmen (Nelson Rockefeller, Woodrow Wilson), scientists (Thomas Edison), and literary giants (Gustave Flaubert, W.B. Yeats) number among her fellow-sufferers, but causes and cures for the syndrome remain obscure. Because of public ignorance, many dyslexics continue to go unrecognized. In fact, Simpson is the first to give a full personal account of the disorder. With this book, she hopes to enlighten those who are unaware of their affliction; to dispel fears and lead them to literacy.

RUDOLPH BURCKHARDT

Fragments From a Crucifixion (1961)

Abstract Surprises

Perhaps the biggest surprise of the art world's 1978 fall season was the work of Lee Krasner. Understandably overshadowed by what seemed to be the similar style of her husband, Jackson Pollock (even though she came to abstraction 10 years earlier than he), Krasner's gestural paintings were rediscovered in the Whitney Museum's *Abstract Expressionism: The Formative Years.*

A selection of Krasner's tightly controlled though energetic works will be on view at the Pace Gallery in New York City from February 3 to March 10.

Grandma Moses's Self Portrait (1944)

Painterly Innocents

At the age of 70 Anna-Mary Robertson (Grandma Moses) took up brush and palette. Grandma sold her ingenuous (she began painting without any formal training) translations of American rural life at county fairs and drugstores for two years. Then, in 1938, she was discovered by Louis Caldor, a New York collector, who two years later introduced her to the international art world with her first solo exhibition.

From February 11 to April 1 the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., is mounting an exhibit of 43 Grandma Moses paintings that will range from her early works (*The First Automobile*, c. 1939) through one of her last pieces (*Rainbow*, c. 1961).

Grandma is only one of the artists whose naive yet almost surreal works have been collected in *The Modern Primitives* (Images Graphiques, $8.95). Eighty-seven prints of paintings by 58 instinctual painters, with text and biographies by Madeleine Gavelle, make up a survey of bold, startlingly beautiful pieces.

Insoluble Love

In 1971 Michael Weller established himself as a playwright with *Moonchildren*, a successful depiction of the spirit and character of youth coming of age in the Sixties. Now, several more plays and a screenplay to his credit, Weller is picking the decade up where he left off. In *Loose Ends* he focuses on the hard truths that forced those moonchildren to grow up.

Paul, a disillusioned Peace Corps veteran, meets Susan, a 20th-century nomad. In this age of instant pleasure-finding, their problem is not how to move from meeting to loving, but how to make what they've found last.

Loose Ends will be at the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., from February 2 to March 11.

Playwright Michael Weller

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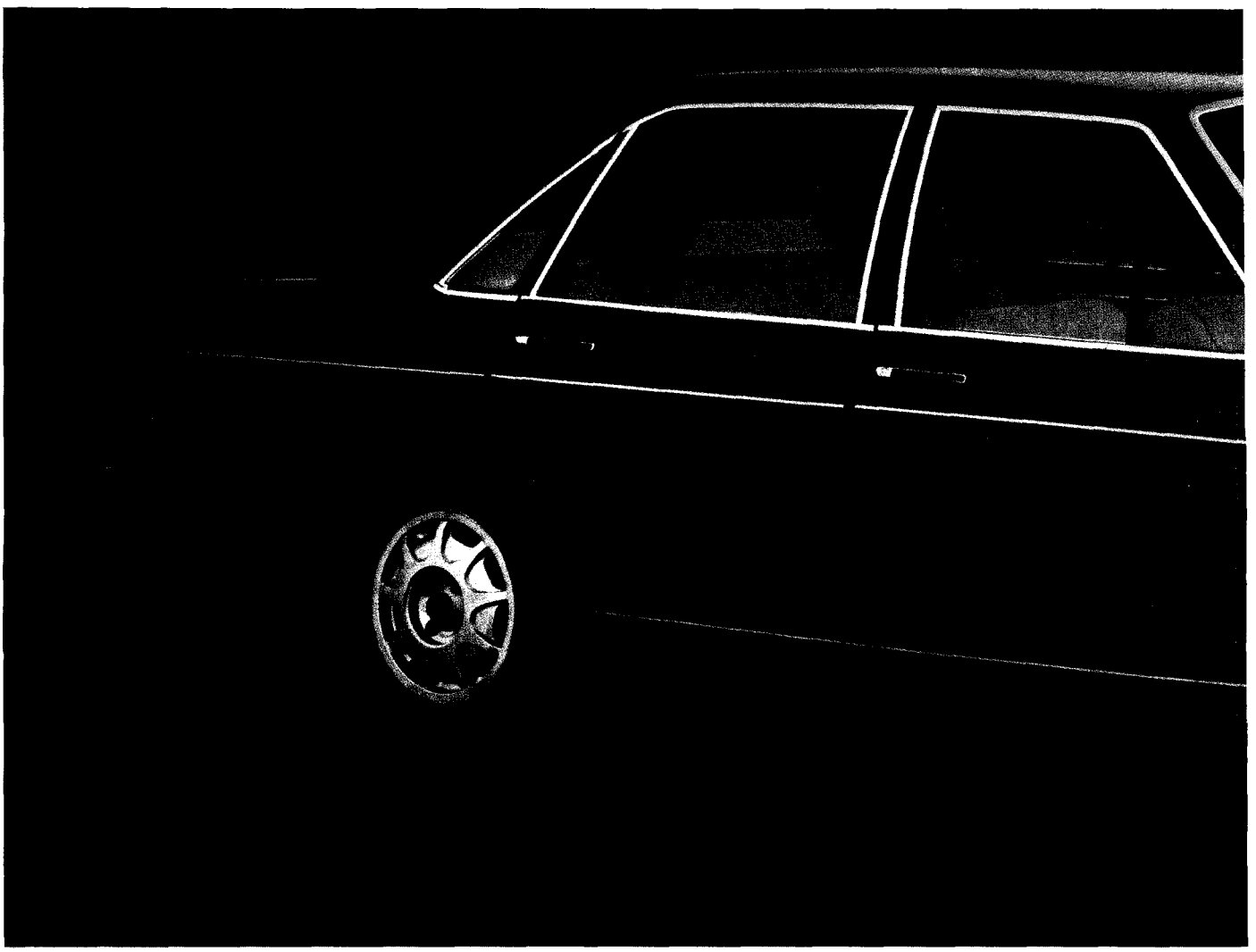
"CERTAINLY IT'S THE BEST EUROPE IN A LONG WHILE."



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This pleasantly surprising contradiction between the test results of the Audi 5000 and the price has been pointed out by several automotive publications.

Read these excerpts from the Road Test report on the Audi 5000 that appeared in the January, 1978 issue:

"At freeway speeds the ride is serene and smooth, there is no mechanical noise, and no wind noise. You get bored, turn on the radio, and just drive—until you glance down at the gauges and notice that you're making 85 mph. It's sneaky; it'll fool you if you don't pay attention. It'll also nip in and out of traffic like a much smaller car, thanks to the way it responds to its controls..."

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Nothing Even Comes Close

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NORMAN SEEFF

Earl Klugh's music falls somewhere between pop and the sweeter side of jazz.

JUST FOR LISTENING

by Robert Palmer

"MORE CHAMPAGNE?" Earl Klugh, a 25-year-old guitarist whose satiny, romantic music falls somewhere between pop and the sweeter side of jazz, nodded. His manager poured another glass. Why not? Earlier in the afternoon, Klugh had finished mixing and editing *Heartstring* (United Artists), his fifth lp, and now he was getting ready to listen.

Several long-haired young men were threading tapes and flipping switches in the dimly lighted studio control room. One of them, Dave Palmer, Klugh's chief engineer on the project, came over and patted the musician on the back. "How do you want to hear this?" Palmer asked, indicating the choice between two home stereo speakers that were set up on the console and two mammoth playback speakers suspended from the ceiling. Klugh, who is shy and quiet and has a soft look (as if he has retained a little of his baby fat), asked around the room for preferences. When someone suggested the small speakers he sighed, relieved. "I *would* prefer that. Dave records people like Led Zeppelin," he explained. "He likes to hear things loud."

A few minutes into the tape it became evident that Klugh had reason to celebrate, that *Heartstring* would be another hit in that curious field of music called crossover. Crossover is a euphemism in the jazz world for what happens when a jazz musician sells as many records as a successful pop artist—he has "crossed over" from his insular little cult audience into the marketplace. Historically, the most successful crossovers have been guitarists like Wes Montgomery and George Benson, but Klugh is different. Instead of playing electric guitar like other jazzmen, he plays a nylon-stringed classical guitar, and instead of picking with rapid up-and-down strokes to produce a continuous stream of melody, he plays chords and melody simultaneously, finger-style, a technique he learned from listening to the country guitarist Chet Atkins, the classical guitarist John Williams, and the Brazilian guitarist Laurindo Almeida.

The new album consists of some pretty melodies, all written by Klugh;

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some polite disco rhythms; some lush string arrangements; and some fleet, lyrical finger-picked guitar, impeccably recorded by Dave Palmer. It is the kind of record jazz purists dismiss with a sneer because it is mostly melody, with improvisations that are circumspect and easy to follow, and because it is so ripely produced, so deliberately programmed, so lacking in the raw spontaneity of which jazz fans are so fond. Many jazz reviewers will say what they say about every Earl Klugh album—that Earl, who began promisingly as a sideman with Yusef Lateef, Chick Corea, and George Benson (before they "sold out"), has sold out himself and is making elevator music. In fact, the music is graceful and finely crafted. On its own terms, as mellow, easy-listening pop, it is charming.

Halfway through the tape, Klugh turned in his swivel chair and said, in a small but earnest voice, "Just don't call me a jazz guitarist. It causes a lot of confusion. People come up to me in clubs or after concerts and ask me, 'Why are you playing this stuff?' Well, this kind of stuff is what I grew up with. I started listening to jazz later on, but even then it was pretty homogenized—Wes Montgomery with strings. I mean, I've listened to classical, jazz, and everything, but when I go home and put on a record, I'd just as soon listen to Barbra Streisand or Johnny Mathis."

Growing up in Detroit, Klugh was something of a child prodigy. At the age of three he was playing the piano by ear. At 10 he started picking out simple folk music on an acoustic guitar. When he was 13 he heard a record of Chet Atkins's finger picking, and something clicked. "I never played with anyone else," Klugh explained, "and acoustic guitar was the kind of instrument with which you could make a complete presentation, chords and melody and bass patterns, by yourself. By the time I got an electric guitar, I was so far into using my fingers like that that it was too late for me to change."

Earl was 15 years old when he began teaching guitar in a Detroit music store, and it was there, a year later, that the jazz saxophonist Yusef Lateef heard him and invited him to record. Then came his road work with George Benson, Chick Corea's group Return to Forever, and the pianist George Shearing. "I didn't play with many people around Detroit," he said, "because at first I was under age for a lot of places and by the time I was old enough, I was working with established people. Then I decided to return to Detroit for awhile."

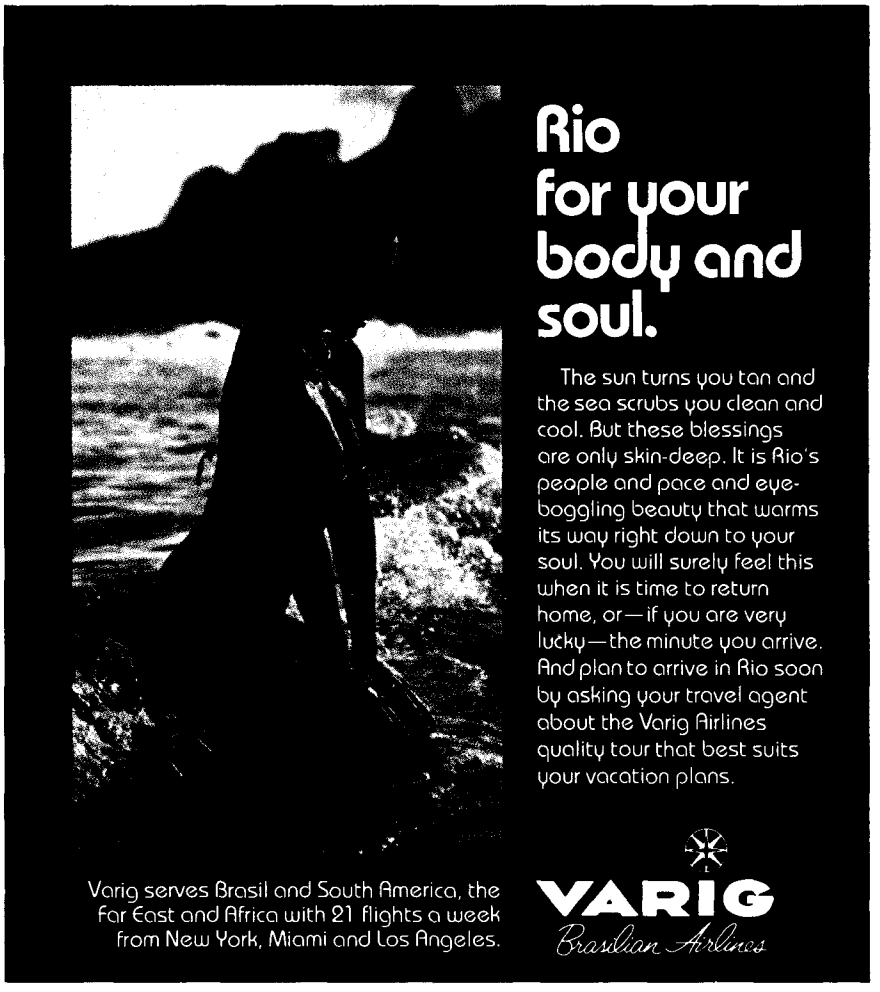
Back home, Earl practiced, formed a band, financed an audition tape, and placed it with United Artists. After his first four albums, all of which have sold handsomely, he began serving as his own producer. Apparently he had learned more on the road than how to play. George Benson, the gifted jazz guitarist whose slickly produced albums routinely sell several million copies, was particularly helpful. "He spent a lot of time with me," Earl said, "and showed me things about the guitar and also about the music business, about what it takes to try and make it. Things that were good for me to know."

Earl is a sensitive player and a sensitive conversationalist, but one can't miss, just behind his shyness, a steely professionalism. In this respect, he is typical of a new breed of young black musicians with jazz orientation, solid grasp of classical music, middle-of-the-road tastes, and strong business sense. It is possible to see in these musicians a defense, if delayed, against the exploitation of so many generations of American blacks by the music industry. But this is too much ideological freight to load on Earl Klugh's shoulders. His music seems to lack both guile and bitterness, and in many respects he is not typical of his generation at all. Most of his contemporaries use electronic hardware; Earl concentrates on the classical guitar. Most of them are appealing or trying to appeal to the disco audience that bought 30 million copies of the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack; Earl is making records mostly for himself.

"If I wanted to be commercial," Klugh said after he'd finished listening to *Heartstring*, "I'd be going somewhere with John Travolta. That's where the money is. I do appeal to a pretty good cross-section, young people and older people, and sometimes I wonder what else they listen to. Maybe if I knew I could get into that a little more. But when I make a record, it always comes down to what I feel comfortable with. I like to think of my music as just listening music, not virtuoso stuff, which I could attempt and probably will at some point. But not now."

There it was, that jazz impulse. Despite Earl's denials and his profession of populist tastes, one suspects that in some corner of his mind he is in fact thinking of himself as a jazz guitarist—in spite of himself. ◉

Robert Palmer is a regular contributor to the New York Times *and* Rolling Stone.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TELEVISION

Supping With the Devil

by Karl E. Meyer

A scene from California Reich—*Santa wearing a swastika at an American Nazi annual Christmas party.*

HOW MUCH EXPOSURE should television give to the apostles of hate and violence? Are Palestinian suicide squads, the Ku Klux Klan, and the minuscule American Nazi Party proper subjects for extended documentary treatment? If so, what precautions should broadcasters take to prevent the dissemination of the outrageous in the name of news?

A fresh debate on these questions seems in order in light of the controversies over three recent documentaries which deal with the inflammatory in very different ways—an ABC News *Close-Up* about the Palestine Liberation Organization, "Terror in the Promised Land," and two public broadcasting specials, *California Reich* and *The New Klan*.

From the broadcaster's vantage, it can seem a no-win proposition. Criticism is inevitable if the media ignore, or appear to be intimidated by, fanatic groups. But a charge of sensationalism is equally certain for the camera that validates (or "dignifies," in that clichéd pejorative phrase) the lunatic fringe with attention on film.

Moreover, any topic touching ethnic or religious nerves calls forth a predictable outpouring of protests, not all of which will be spontaneous. Given the risks, the broadcaster may understandably choose to stay away from the volatile. My heart is entirely with those who adopt the braver course, and attempt to use what Mr. Justice Brandeis called the scourging power of sunlight to deal with scaly creatures hiding under the rock.

But I also possess a head. As the saying instructs, anyone who sups with the devil needs a long spoon—and on occasion, our electronic investigators have come to the table without any cutlery at all. They have allowed themselves to be exploited by the slick sophistry of those who preach an infamous gospel of murder and hate.

This reproach does not apply to the makers of either of the PTV documentaries I have mentioned, though, with unbecoming nervousness, some leading public stations decided not to carry the programs.

Produced by two independent filmmakers, Leslie Shatz and Eleanor Bingham, *The New Klan* examined the supposedly streamlined KKK led by a Louisianan named David Duke, who comes over as a well-scrubbed fraternity boy rather than a rabid redneck. Duke has toured the country, and is said to have appeared on some 60 local talk shows—with a sophistication that has more often than not made his uninformed hosts look foolish.

Not so in *The New Klan*, which concluded with a devastating filmed confrontation between Duke and Wayne King, a *New York Times* reporter. Firmly and with a deadly cool, King revealed Duke's outrageous extremism and produced a snap of the klansman in a Nazi uniform.

The makers of *California Reich*, Walter Parkes and Keith Critchlow, took a different tack in their report on the blue-collar misfits who belong to the National Socialist White People's Party in three California communities. Their documentary, as presented by KCET in Los Angeles, contains no narration, save for a brief factual prologue and epilogue about the American Nazis by journalist Clete Roberts.

Commentary is unnecessary. With their own words, the Nazis exposed themselves as pathological losers who have found comradeship in a cult of sa-

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dism—skulls are used as household decorations, Christmas cakes are adorned with swastikas, guns are fondled with sexual caresses. Most ghastly of all, a U.S. Army noncom (who is facing discharge for his Nazi activities) confesses that he would in fact like to roll ecstatically in the dust of Auschwitz.

ABC's "Terror in the Promised Land" is, by contrast, far more troubling. I do not question the honest intentions of Pamela Hill, the executive producer of the *Close-Up* series, or of Malcolm Clarke, the young British-trained filmmaker who produced, wrote, and directed this report on the PLO. Their professed aim was to show the human face of terrorists, and to present the PLO perception of the tangled Arab-Israeli conflict.

But somewhere along the line, the long spoon was overlooked. I suspect that the makers were so enamored of the striking footage of PLO suicide squads (which they reinforced with a musical score) that production values became paramount. Certainly one did not get the impression that these terrorists were every bit as satanically demented as the Jonestown cultists with their cyanide.

Interviews with PLO spokesmen were indulgent, and at no point included the kind of tough questions that Mike Wallace, for instance, routinely asks on *Sixty Minutes*. Thus a PLO leader was allowed to remark without challenge that the Palestinians were unique in their willingness to die in suicide attacks, overlooking a century of bloody fanaticism (World War I, after all, was triggered by a Bosnian nationalist very willing to die for his cause).

At every point, the documentary was flawed by its one-sided perspective. A comparison was offered between the terrorist attacks of the PLO and of the Stern Gang and the Irgun during the era of British rule in Palestine—but without allusion to the important distinction that in nearly all cases, the targets of Jewish terrorism were military and political. No Jewish terrorist group had as its avowed tactic the murder of children, athletes, or foreign tourists. Nor was there adequate reference to the incessant killing of Arabs by fellow Arabs, all in the name of lunatic doctrinal purity.

The most serious omission, in my view, was the failure to provide any historic context for the Arab exodus from Palestine. The Arabs are hardly alone in their plight (a fact which does not exonerate Israel). In the postwar era, millions have been forced to migrate—Moslems from India, French from Algeria, Germans from Eastern Europe, Anglo-Indians from East Africa, and (not least) Jews from a dozen Arab countries. The PLO is unique not so much in its grievance as in its willingness to use any weapon, no matter how barbarous, to further its cause. Let me add I would object just as strongly to a report from Israel that failed to raise hard questions about the excessive brutality of reprisal raids and the provocative settlements on the West Bank.

ABC suffered a good deal of soul-searching before the broadcast of "Terror in the Promised Land," and script changes were made up to the eve of airtime. At the last moment, correspondent Frank Reynolds added this exculpatory comment in the prologue: "This is not a program about right and wrong. It is about a certain Palestinian perception of right and wrong."

However well intentioned, I don't think this rationale will wash. By the same token, ABC could present a documentary on the sincerely held beliefs of Synanon cultists, or Flat Earthers, or Idi Amin, or racists in South Africa. The fact that a view is sincerely acquired does not exempt broadcasters from the responsibility of testing what is shown against a civilized consensus.

In the case of the two PTV documentaries, the programs were prescreened before representatives of the Anti-Defamation League, a national organization dedicated to countering every form of racial bigotry. The ADL found no grounds for objecting to *The New Klan* or *California Reich*, and provided a letter that stations could send to any viewers who protested the broadcasts. But the ADL, along with the American Jewish Congress and the American Jewish Committee, did protest—rightly, I believe—the PLO documentary.

ABC News has an established policy against arranging prescreenings of controversial programs for special-interest organizations. There is a justifiable fear that attempts will be made to censor the show, or to harass sponsors (though the ADL and the two Jewish organizations inform me that they deplore the use of threats against advertisers). Within the constraints of that policy, ABC had another option—a prescreening before a panel of private citizens with expertise in the subject. I am told that the network did solicit the opinions of a single academic authority on the Middle East, but he happened to be a Columbia professor whom Jewish organizations regard as pro-Arab. With the benefit of hindsight, ABC may want to rethink its policies on filming the incendiary. At the very least, its news division ought to stock up on long spoons. ◉

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DANCE

"Regional," not Provincial

by Walter Terry

JON B. PETERSEN

Moscelyne Larkin, of the Shawnee-Peoria tribe, runs a government-funded program for Indian children of low-income families.

FIRST-CLASS BALLET in Tulsa? "You have to be kidding!" would undoubtedly be the response of almost any New York balletomane, secure in the knowledge that New York City is indeed the dance capital of the world. But America's incredible ballet boom, which has seen audience attendance for dance events zoom past the 12-million mark, is not confined to the isle of Manhattan.

True, the old-time toe-tap-acrobatic-baton twirling studios have by no means disappeared. But today nearly every major American city has a ballet company or modern dance group capable of performing to music ranging from Tchaikovsky to Xenakis, portraying diverse characters from Sugar Plum Fairies to Rasputin! Several such companies are fully professional (in matters of union salaries and performing standards); many are semiprofessional, combining a corps of advanced students with professional principals; still others are frankly amateur but have set their aesthetic sights quite high.

Growth, on an artistic as well as a purely physical level, is best measured by the National Association for Regional Ballet. The NARB is the impartial supervisory body of approximately 120 member companies. The NARB has named eight of these regional ballet troupes "major companies": the Atlanta Ballet, the Dayton Ballet, the Minnesota Dance Theatre, the Dallas Metropolitan Ballet, the Dallas Ballet, the Princeton Ballet, the Washington (D.C.) Ballet, and the Tulsa Ballet Theatre. (Such companies as the New York City Ballet, the Boston Ballet, the Pennsylvania Ballet, and the San Francisco Ballet are classified as "national" and do not belong to the NARB.)

Let us look at one of these major regional enterprises, the Tulsa Ballet Theatre, and see just what it contributes to Tulsans, to Oklahomans, and, indeed, to America. It is a company of 32 exceptionally well-trained dancers (their number is augmented by apprentices from the company's school when necessary). The repertory consists of 40 ballets, including full-length classics like *Swan Lake, Giselle, Coppélia*; ballets such as *Firebird* and *Prince Igor* from the great era of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, and other productions in the style of the later Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo; new ballets by Roman Jasinski, the company's co-artistic director, and his wife, Moscelyne Larkin. Jasinski was born in Poland; Miss Larkin, an American Indian of the Shawnee-Peoria tribe, was born in Oklahoma. Both became principal dancers with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, he to partner such stars as the great prima ballerina, Alexandra Danilova; she to be described by London critics in 1947 as "the first ray of sunshine" after World War II.

With worldwide tours behind them, the Jasinskis and their new son, Roman Larkin Jasinski, settled in Tulsa and in 1954 opened their ballet school. A few years later, Mr. Jasinski launched an instruction program unheard of in Middle America—a ballet class for boys only.

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He had no notion whether anyone would enroll, but the response was promising. Surprisingly, his own son elected to take the class. Today, men dancers from these classes are performing in companies at home and abroad. One, young Roman, who was dancing with the American Ballet Theatre, is back home in Tulsa for a year to dance leading roles under his father's supervision and to assist his mother (since he is "on the roll" as an American Indian) in teaching ballet and related art activities to children who come from low-income Indian families with alcohol or drug problems.

The ballet-for-Indians program is sponsored by the Tulsa Indian Council on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse. It is funded by the government, but is run by and for Indians. A federal grant helped the council purchase an old church that it converted into classrooms for dance, arts, and crafts.

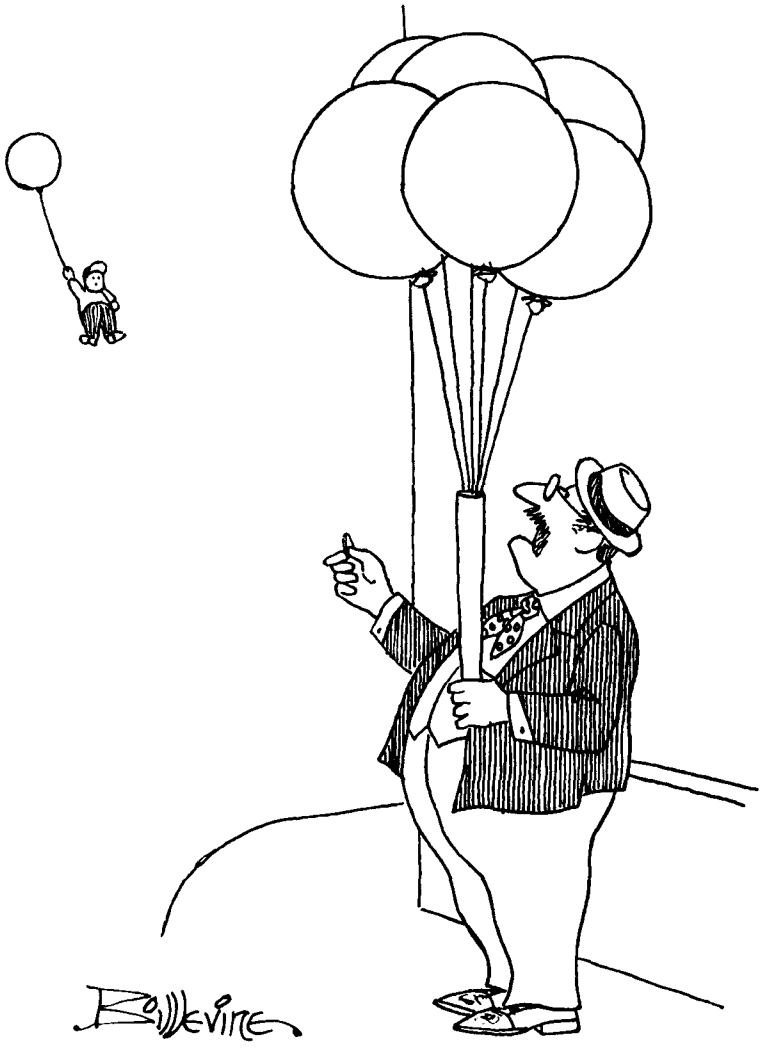
The Jasinskis' field work is not limited to Miss Larkin's services in dance to her people. Two dancers from the Tulsa Ballet Theatre go out to every public school in Tulsa and the environs, and sometimes as far as Arkansas, with a lecture-demonstration designed to introduce all Oklahoma children to ballet in general and to upcoming performances in particular. In the demonstrations the schoolchildren may see ballet exercises, and then learn how the body placement that ballet teaches can help the athlete. If, for example, a ballet such as *The Nutcracker* is scheduled to be performed by the Tulsa Ballet Theatre, the demonstration will include a preview of the story, perhaps a TBT film that records the making of a ballet (from the designing and building of scenery through rehearsals and performance). During the Tulsa season, many schools send busloads of youngsters to the matinees to see the finished product. A few days or weeks later, two TBT demonstrators follow up with a return to the schools to answer questions and to show how this or that feat was accomplished.

The Jasinskis also teach at the University of Tulsa, where they have instituted a scholarship program for boys. In their Tulsa ballet studio, young Roman teaches a class of 20 eager and wildly energetic little boys and a class of members of a soccer team! Twenty years ago the senior Jasinski had said, "Ballet training can help every athlete." He and his son continue to prove it.

Under their own aegis, the Jasinskis import modern dance groups such as the world-famous avant-garde Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater simply because, as Miss Larkin says, "We want Tulsans to be exposed to every kind of dance." They have even sponsored appearances by New York's internationally renowned Joffrey Ballet although they knew that even with sold-out performances (which they had), the cost would exceed the income. "We blew $40,000," says Miss Larkin. "But it was worth it—the Joffrey was a great ballet experience for Tulsa."

The Jasinskis work just as devotedly with their own company. Its homegrown principals are both personable and technically assured, and the corps de ballet is better than those often seen in "national" companies. In one program, Jasinski's choreography for *Classical Symphony* (Prokofiev) and *Romanza* (with a score by Tulsan Donald McCormick), and his restaging of David Lichine's Ballet Russe version of Prokofiev's *The Prodigal Son* (with young Roman in the title role), made it clear that Tulsa dance is utterly professional. The Tulsa Ballet Theatre—directors, choreographers, dancers, musicians, designers—gave a performance that not only made Tulsa proud but that did honor to ballet in America.

In Tulsa, you may see a *Giselle*, or a new work, or a restaging of *Icare*, once so controversial for its all-percussion accompaniment by J.E. Szyfer. In the near future, you may see a revival of *The Four Moons*, an American Indian ballet conceived and composed by Louis Ballard (a Cherokee) and celebrating all Indians—though four tribes (Shawnee, Cherokee, Choctaw, Osage) in particular. For Moscelyne Larkin Jasinski has never forgotten her heritage. "As a little girl, I used to dance every year at the powwow in the Devil's Promenade, the Indian camping ground near where I was born. Nowadays, I've given up dancing *sur les pointes* in ballet, but since I'm back in Oklahoma after all those years around the world, I can still put on moccasins and dance along the Devil's Promenade!" Wherever there is dance in Oklahoma, no matter what kind it is, you will find the Jasinskis, leaders in America's dance explosion. ◉



"Little boy! Your change!"

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THEATER

Merchant of Venice in Munich

by Martin Gottfried

Is doing *The Merchant of Venice* in Munich—once the cradle of Nazism—an exciting idea or an appalling one? Is it dramatic or melodramatic to perform literature's major anti-Semitic play in the place most notoriously associated with anti-Semitism? To see a *Merchant of Venice* in Munich is, in fact, devastating.

No contemporary German would dare do Shakespeare's notorious play. It *is* notorious. Its hateful poetry has survived 400 years of rationalization. Certainly, no German would have dared do it as George Tabori is doing it—with Nazi references and ironic stereotyping of Jews; with emphasis on the ancient hobgoblins of bigotry. Tabori, a Hungarian emigré, was a successful American playwright and screenwriter before moving to Munich recently. An alien, and more important, Jewish, he could do the play as no German could.

His production is billed as "improvisations" on the Shakespeare, and as a title it uses a snatch of Shakespeare's dialogue: "I wish my daughter lay dead in the street and wore the jewels in her ears."

This response by the shattered Shylock to fate's abuse encapsules Tabori's approach to the play. Shakespeare tortures Shylock without making him tragic. The "Jew" is stripped not merely of the money, the land, and the rights that are his. His daughter abandons him to marry a Gentile; he is forced to convert to Christianity. This excess of revenge is silly, and Tabori capitalizes on Shakespeare's absurd hatred.

The "improvisations" make Shylock the central character, which Shakespeare didn't intend but couldn't help suggesting. For Shakespeare, Shylock was a grotesque whose implications the playwright finally noticed, but hadn't the patience or sensibility to explore. Indeed, at one point Tabori has all 12 actors in the company play Shylock, and they fan through the audience in black broadbrim hats and frock coats and beards and oversize, crooked, putty noses. It is a moment of chilling effect.

This piece is performed not in a conventional theater, but in a large, bare room. There is no theatrical lighting, only the ceiling's fluorescent lamps. Chairs, exactly 92 of them, surround a central playing space, where a bare lightbulb dangles above a battered grand piano.

JÖRG HÖPFNER

Tabori's *Merchant of Venice*—"Devastating."

The pianist, occasional clarinetist, and extremely gifted composer is Stanley Walden. He came to this production after his Broadway-bound musical, *Back Country*, flopped in Boston. *The Merchant of Venice* in Munich is a long way from trying out a musical in Boston. Walden is finding the experience "personally overwhelming."

Seated at the piano, Walden, too, is in the costume of a Hasidic Jew. The actors change into everyday street clothes to play out Shakespeare's story. Though, according to Tabori, 90 percent of the words are Shakespeare's, the scenes are interspersed with references to Goebbels and the Brownshirts; there are savage mutilations of Jew-puppets; there is, finally, the unbearable sight of Shylock being baptized.

To be sure, Brecht might have done Shakespeare in this way, but the ghost of Bertolt Brecht hangs over all German theater (especially his own mummified Berliner Ensemble in East Berlin). Tabori's production was financed by Munich's Kammerspielhaus. This major state theater is part of a German stage system so wealthy it might seem like paradise, especially to those prejudiced against the commercial aspects of Broadway. Germany has no Broadway.

Germany's major theaters are state institutions, which receive huge subsidies. Such theaters as Munich's Kammerspielhaus, or the Schiller in West Berlin, or Hamburg's Thalia and Schauspielhaus, receive millions of dollars annually. The two main theaters in Hamburg split some $15 million each year. Berlin has 25 subsidized theaters.

Yet all these lavishly supported institutions, dedicated to the finest in dramatic literature, are not providing much theatrical excitement. I do believe the German theater has been paralyzed by Brecht—by his distillation of the country's soul, his defection to the East, and finally by his death. He was the past, the present, and the future of the German stage. There are no great contemporary playwrights to replace him. Peter Handke is too abstract; Günter Grass is not committed to the theater; Peter Weiss, writing in German from self-imposed exile in Sweden, might well have been a major figure (his best known work is *Marat/Sade*), but he has abandoned the stage for film-writing. So, the German stage is professional but uninspired. Berlin's famous Schiller Theater is drawing only 65 percent of its audience capacity. Tired of classics, some theaters are actually doing Broadway hits (Hamburg's Thalia has *The Gin Game—Der Gin Rommé*—on its current schedule), and when these institutions attempt something fresh, it is in the style of yesterday's avant-garde. The Schiller's current *Lysistrata* is strictly "avant-garde." *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a major and tremendously successful production at Munich's Kammerspielhaus, is little different from Peter Brook's acclaimed production in the Sixties. The only really vital institution in Germany is Peter Stein's, which is currently the rage of Europe.

Stein, a 35-year-old *wunderkind*, works in a huge, abandoned movie sound stage. His latest project is *Gros und Kleine* (Big and Small), by Botho Strauss. Stein uses Strauss's script merely as a pretext for scenes of powerful imagery and theatricality. At one point he has an entire apartment complex on stage, eight different living rooms for eight different scenes. In another sequence, he has a woman reach orgasm while modeling for her lovers.

Such theatrics are invigorating, and they have made Stein the hottest director in Germany. The country, with deutschmarks bursting from every pocket, is treating this young man to a $9 million official duplicate of the structure he already has. Ironically, his theater—though the country's most alive—is in Berlin, a city that much of Germany considers dead. Paradox remains the essence of theater. ◉

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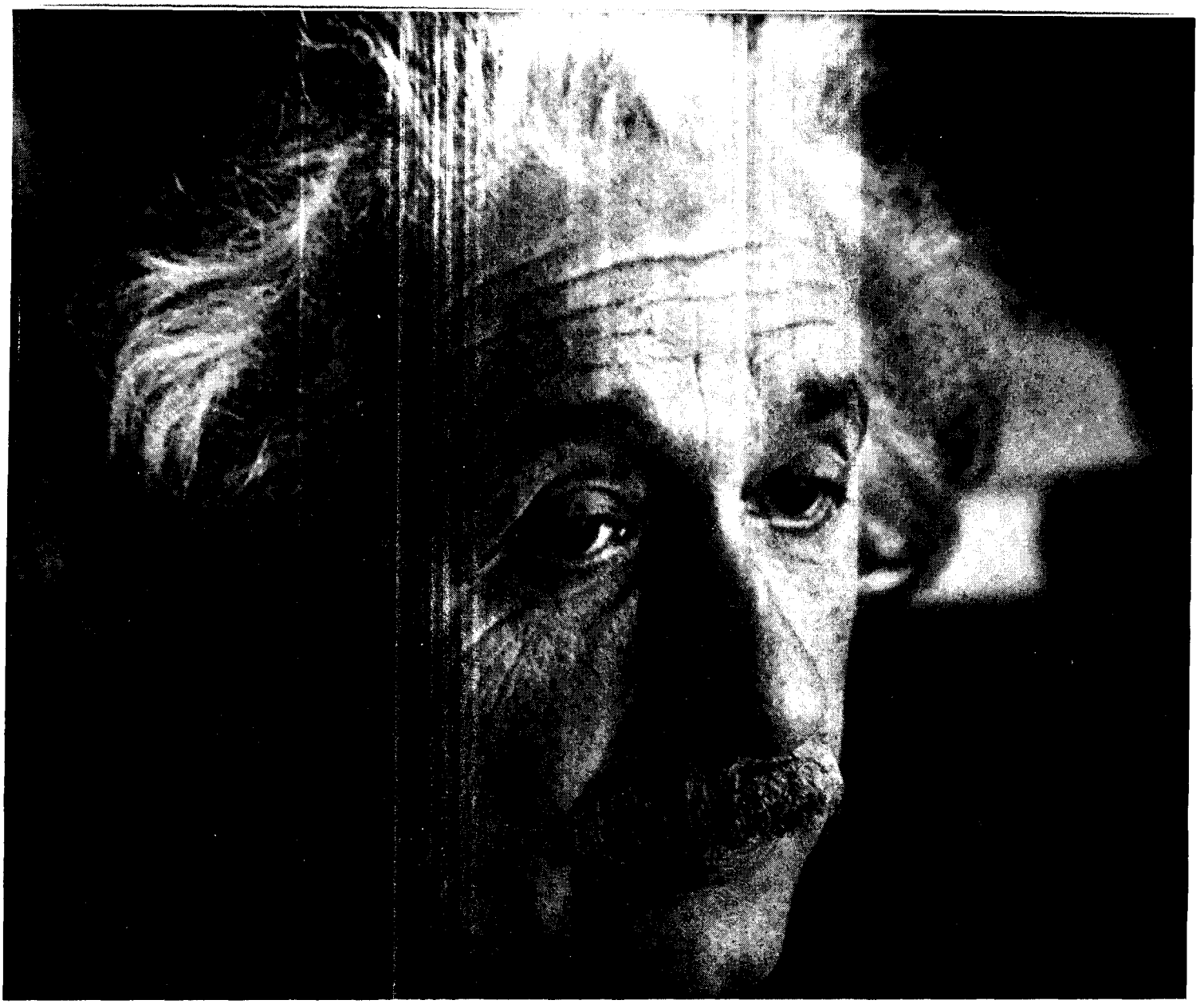

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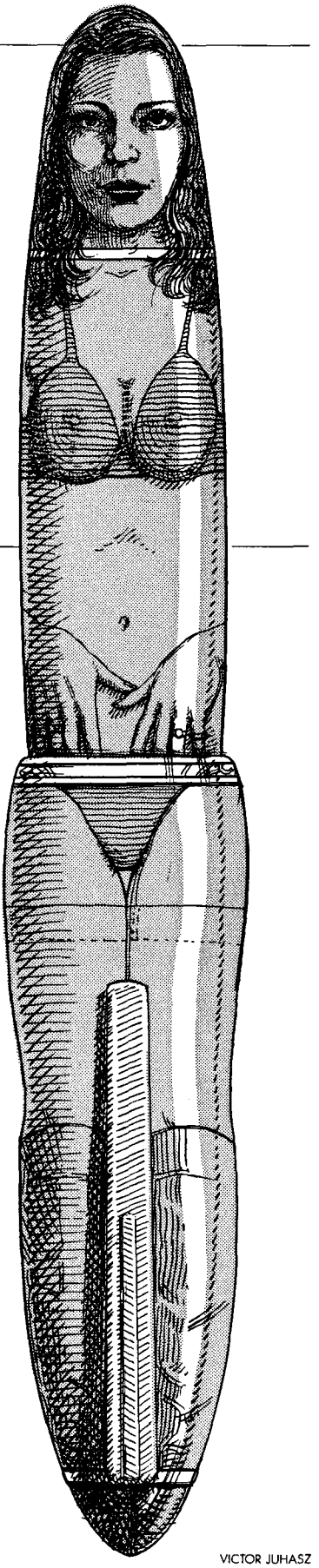
The Road of Excess



VICTOR JUHASZ

by Anthony Burgess

IT IS POSSIBLE nowadays to write a novel with a passage like the following:

"Thirty years together, darling," she said, "and never a spat, a blow, never even a cross word." They smiled at each other over the remains of their tête-à-tête celebration dinner. He raised his glass of New York State champagne. They drank, lovingly, to each other, to the two of them. She took his hand

"Sweetie," he murmured. "No change, you never change." He picked up the near-empty champagne bottle by its neck, smashed its butt against the table-edge, then thrust toward her what had been an adjunct of love and had now become the means of disfigurement and death. Disfigurement first. Her shock was unspeakable. "George!" He was over there, tripping her, thrusting the jagged base at her again and again as she lay helpless on the parquet. She screamed. She didn't scream when he hacked again and again at her jugular. He smeared his bloodied hands all over her celebration dress. Then he went into the kitchen and came back with the butcher's knife they had bought together in that hardware store in....

I needn't go on, and I can't anyway. I hate violence, especially when it's gratuitous. But it's so easy to put on paper. And the sub-literary market, especially in America, practically enjoins ambitious novelists to pep up their texts with physical outrage, multiple rape, diabolism. Whenever I have a novel published in America, there are always at least half a dozen critics who condemn it as bland. Americans have become inured to raw meat, well tabascoed.

When I offered a novella called *A Clockwork Orange* to my New York publisher some 18 years ago, I was informed that I would have to shear it of its final chapter, which depicted my young thug-hero growing up, growing tired of mindless violence, wanting a wife and a home and a child. This, I was told, was not tough enough for the American market, which expects its bloody steaks and its unregenerable sin. So the version of *A Clockwork Orange* that is read in the United States is not the version I wrote. What I wrote ended reasonably, humanly. After all, juvenile hoods *can* grow into rational well-behaved citizens and fathers of families. But not in the fiction that the majority of Americans, when they read at all, read.

Borges, the erudite and ingenious hidalgo of Argentina, has reminded us all that literature is artifice. When we put words on paper in the form of fiction, we know we are telling a kind of lie. But tradition has taught us to make the lie a consistent one, so that it ends up looking like truth. *Hamlet* and *The Last of the Mohicans* are damnable lies, but they have in common, like all traditional literature (whether great or not) a plot and character and *mise-en-scène* that are in harmony. If the same story were to happen in real life, and not in the author's imagination, we would expect it to unroll in the manner it does on the stage or on paper. There is credibility and consistency; the created characters behave as we believe, or used to believe, that we ourselves might behave in the circumstances given. But, as Borges seems to be saying, there is no law to

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prevent us from setting down inconsistency and incredibility. In the 18th century it was impossible to write:

And the foredawn wainshoots, cracked to a T and nicety, veriplumed the innaucity with crolls and barnabies, bald garstons and dewpulls, and frorcipillated Ack in gathertights.

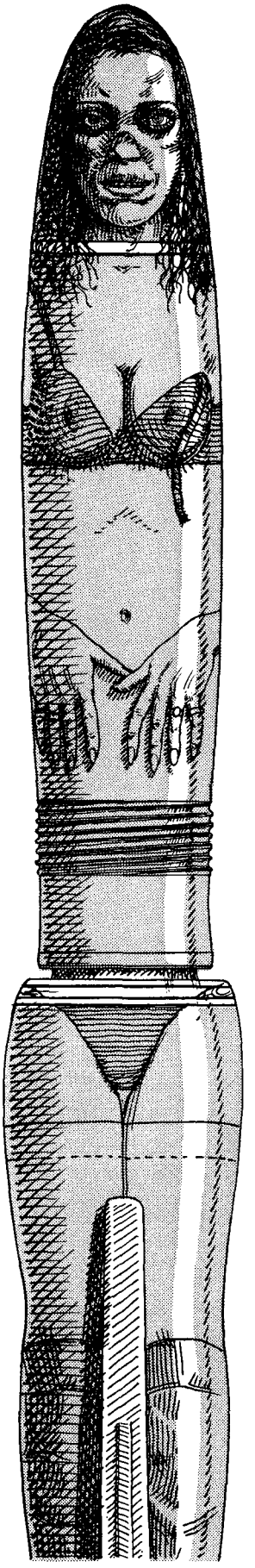
IT WAS impossible not because there was any law against it; it just happened that conventions existed that related literature to the possibilities of real life. When Borges writes a most compelling story about Averroës translating Aristotle and abruptly ends his narrative with the sudden liquidation of his character—not slain, merely annihilated by the author's own hand—then we are being shown the essential arbitrariness that has always been available to the manipulator of words. Scriabin's "mystic chord" (C-F sharp-B flat-E-A-D) was also available to Mozart. We cannot doubt that he could easily pick it out on the harpsichord; but conventions of consonance and congruity prevented him from using it.

We cannot doubt, either, that Shakespeare knew it was possible to create a discontinuous character—one who starts out as a good man and, without motivation for the change, turns into a bloody villain. But a certain belief in human coherence kept Shakespeare on the path of inventing people we think we would recognize if we met them in the street and who, on a profounder acquaintance, would show certain patterns of thought and behavior. Now, modern America has to some extent begun to deny the integrity of human character and so believes its fiction can traffic in discontinuity. We used to hear a great deal about "identity crises," whatever those are: People apparently were suffering because they didn't know who or what they were. None of us really knows what she or he is, or, to use Ophelia's words, "We know what we are but not what we may be." We recognize patterns in our own thought and behavior, but we are prepared to admit also the possibility of change—though not a violent Jekyll and Hyde transformation. Without characters who embody a certain structure, so we used to believe, literature was not possible.

The Americans changed all that. When Ernest Hemingway began to write just after World War I, human personality was being chopped up by the Freudians, and European civilization, its projection or *vorstellung*, had been fragmented by four years of bloody struggle. It seemed reasonable to Hemingway that Civilized Man should be replaced by Natural Man, a creature reverting to his impulses and discarding much of his humanistic inheritance. There are no Shakespearean personalities in Hemingway, only tough but labile apparatuses of instinct. The way was open for American Fictional Man—touchy, uncerebral, capricious. We find him everywhere today, in movies as well as books. We don't have characters on the old model any more. There was, in Hemingway's creations, a residuum of boy-scout honor, stoicism, grace under pressure, but those are not to be found in the curious automata that stalk, ready with gun or phallus, round the surrealistic townscapes of the contemporary American novel.

WITH THE discontinuity of character, you get the discontinuity of action—which makes it possible to get away with an absurd passage like the one I have improvised above. If anything can happen, it had better be horrible. You can justify the most bizarre violence (like copulating with Christ's wounds in William Burroughs, for instance) by reference to the violence of American society (actually only a minute part of American society). You can justify nonpersonality in terms of the breakdown of order, culture, the credibility of the State—anything you damned well please. If everybody in your book is sick, okay, America is sick. But America is no sicker than anywhere else. What? Look at the Watergate case, the Vietnam nightmare. Look, my American cousins, at Europe's Watergates and bloodbaths. You don't know what horror is. You're too innocent to live. The American novel of violence, diabolism, rape, porn power, is no more a fair picture of the totality of American life than *Frankenstein* is a fair portrayal of pastoral life in Central Europe.

I have been reading with some interest a current best-selling novel, *The World According to Garp*. I can understand why it sells well in America (we have yet to see how it will fare in Europe). There are ancient properties like love and faith in it, which people undoubtedly want. But, lest the book be termed sentimental, it cashes in on modish preoccupations like women's liberation, or Fem Man-Hate. The hero's mother is so anti-men that she conceives a son by receiving the seed of a dying soldier who has been reduced to idiocy (a not too severe caricature of the post-Hemingway American Fictional Man). This hominoid's one utterance is "Garp," which the mother takes as the name of her son. She becomes a Fem Man-Hate heroine and is inevitably shot by a chauvinist redneck. There is a Lib group whose members cut out their



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tongues in homage to a girl, like Shakespeare's Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus*, raped and glossotomized. Garp has to dress as a woman in order to attend his own mother's funeral service. His wife is involved in a car crash at the moment of committing fellatio on her lover. She bites off the hapless guy's penis. Garp, a writer, writes the rape-revenge story to end all. What here sounds like caricature is not, since it is set in a well-realized plot about genuine enough human beings who try to love and forgive and trust each other.

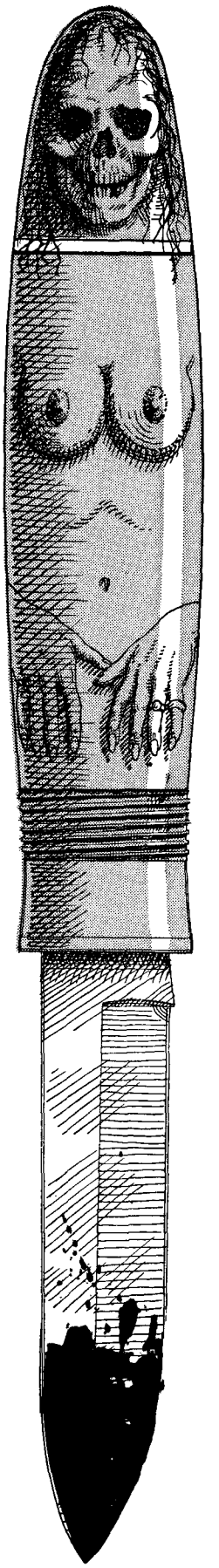
Even with good books like this, full of the traditional virtues of action, character, even of prose style, the European reader becomes scared of turning the page. The family party may end with mayhem, wholesale ravishment, the arrangement of somebody's guts in a tasteful pattern on the window. There is no limit imposed by the ethics and aesthetics of publishers on what may happen in a novel. If a bunch of Christniks enter somebody's house uninvited and start preaching the Word, you have no guarantee that they will not say: "Christ is eternal, Satan is eternal, therefore Satan is Christ. We're gonna crucify you, man," and then start off by burning the dog on a sacrificial altar (first having cut off its paws with a rusty razor blade). With discontinuity of personality and action, we naturally have to admit false logic as true logic. This is the aesthetic justification. The commercial justification I need not mention. Americans inveigh against the decadence of their society but love to have this decadence grotesquely amplified in their popular fiction.

> Curious automata stalk, ready with gun or phallus, round the contemporary American novel.

I recently offered a novel I wrote about the life of Jesus Christ to a reputable American publisher. My aim, I pointed out, was not to say anything new about Christ, except to make a briefly married man out of him, but rather to use the novelist's skill in order to give a clear physical and psychological representation of both him and his disciples. The book was rejected because it said nothing shocking—it did not make Christ into a Charles Manson or a Che Guevara or a version of Buddha or Zoroaster. Americans are tough, I was told, as I had been told with reference to *A Clockwork Orange*, and didn't want a wishywashy Jesus. They can always get that, I was told, from the Good Book. So my not good enough—or bad enough—book remains unpublished in its original tongue, though it is a best-seller in the Romance languages. The fact that I cannot write about rape, penis-swallowing or torture is beginning to put me outside the American market.

AMERICANS, PROUD of their toughness, may smile in triumph at the idea of a European being put off American fiction by what he fears to find inside. I feel not just fear of American fiction, but also embarrassment—at the omnipresent oral sex, for instance, without which, it seems no American novel can possibly be complete. Okay, they will say, go back to *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. But I'm not asking for a diminution of the horrible, or the perverse, in the novel; I'm merely asking for a return to adequate motivation for violence and ritual murder. I'm asking for a rehabilitation of the integral character, the moral sense, an eschewal of the casual horror. Too many American novelists have overplayed their hands or, put it another way, are up against the agony of diminishing returns. Shakespeare realized that he'd gone to the limit in *Titus Andronicus*, with rape, mutilation, murder, and cannibalism. After that he began to write things like *Romeo and Juliet*. Professor Trilling at Columbia University was astonished at the overwhelming enrollment he had for a course in Jane Austen. Perhaps we're ready for a restoration of the bland. Throw that bottle of Tabasco away and be content, for a time, with a light sprinkle from the cruet. And stop accepting the shameful knocking of America that so much popular fiction represents. It pleases the Russians and makes them acquiesce in their government's real, not fictional, atrocities. "Look at what goes on in America," say the Russian literary pundits. "See, the Americans admit it—it's all in their books. Look at this new epic of bloodletting in Southern California. What we do to the Jews and intellectuals is *nichevo, tovarishchi.*"

A new novel has just arrived from New York with the late afternoon post. It is proclaimed a white-hot candid revelation of curricular atrocities on an American campus (well, not quite on the campus—far too public). A course on the work of the Marquis de Sade—which the illiterate junked-out students cannot take as literature—is presented as sedulous actuality in a locked cellar. A hundred stripped, flayed, debauched coeds are involved. So is the Pentagon. So is the CIA. Over 100,000 copies sold before publication. This brilliant young bisexual novelist from Manhattan, Kansas. Oh, for God's sake. Hand me my *Pride and Prejudice*. ◉



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Lovers and Sons

Sherbrookes
by Nicholas Delbanco
Morrow, 250 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Ella Leffland

DEBRA CANNIFF

IF EVER, in the small hours of the night, unable to sleep, you have reflected on just how few basic human themes there are in literature, you may have sustained a sudden vision of its finally collapsing through sheer repetition. Such a vision, as we know by morning's light, is irrational. A novel like *Sherbrookes* will not only corroborate this, but will show that even the hoariest chestnuts can still be served up fresh and dazzling.

Sherbrookes is the story of an old family flickering out under time and change. It is about land and consanguinity, a family homestead standing in disrepair, a recently deceased patriarch, a faithless wife, a prodigal son, an ancestor's diary written on musty onionskin. This tale is rendered quietly, sparingly, never allowing you to lose sight of the fact that the time is now, or that the setting is plain, hard-headed Vermont.

Here the Sherbrookes have farmed for generations, achieving the status of local aristocracy. The book opens six months after the death of Judah, head of the family, whose widow and maiden sister remain together in the Big House, so named for its four stories and 14 fireplaces—a silent, lonely place oppressed by a sense of waiting. Maggie, the widow, has known livelier surroundings, having maintained a fashionable New York apartment during a seven-year separation from Judah. Why she returned, shortly before Judah's illness and death, she seems unsure of; why she remains is also a mystery. Not precisely enemies, but not friends either, she and Hattie, her elderly sister-in-law, sip manhattans, knit, and pass the time. Hattie's thoughts are more accessible than Maggie's; she dwells on one thing only: the end of the family name in Vermont. There is, of course, Maggie's and Judah's son, Ian, but he's a newfangled, Harvard-educated drifter, and when he shows up one day and stays on indefinitely, Hattie feels that he does so not through tribal promptings of the blood, but through inertia.

Nevertheless, she's at pains to marry him off to good local stock and continue the name. But Ian carouses in the village, wanders around the fields, keeps to himself. Ironically, and to Hattie's horror, it is Maggie, without a drop of Sherbrooke blood in her veins, who will add the fresh branch to this dying family tree. For at the unlikely age of 52, Maggie has become pregnant.

The writing is lean and thrifty; long, involved thoughts are stripped down to brief, unembellished lines, often with striking psychological thrust, and just as often with an austere and understated beauty. There is an understated feeling throughout, a kind of reticence; the earlier scenes and references are gradually illumined and drawn together. Only toward the end do Maggie's feelings for Judah or the quest that lies behind Ian's seeming aimlessness begin to make sense. In a case of art imitating art, a passage occurs in which Hattie has a portrait cleaned:

> ... It had been a shock to them—how what they took for brown was yellow, what they thought was dark blue turned out to be the color of an August sky .... The man who cleaned [the picture] said, "You see now, Miss Sherbrooke. This is what the artist saw."

Reticence carries the risk of a distancing effect. Sometimes the author seems chary of breathing too much life into his people, of making them grow overly large, dramatic. He doesn't invite you too far in, he allows for no galloping emotion, but if there is a quality of looking down and observing, its effect is one of lucent credibility. His people are real, complex, and moving.

Perhaps the most moving character is Hattie, a shriveled Christian reactionary whose sole weakness is a taste for manhattans, though she savors the cherries possibly more than the liquor. Hattie's class consciousness and preoccupation with the Sherbrooke name give her a tunnel vision so pure and undeflected that she achieves a kind of one-dimensional grandeur. It is fascinating to follow her mind, which takes some very inventive routes in its need to turn up the only proper answers. Has Maggie gotten herself pregnant by some ex-lover on her recent trip to New York? The thought is intolerable. What if Ian is the father? Horrible, but at least the child would be a Sherbrooke—though perhaps a congenital idiot. What if Judah had his sperm frozen before his death? Such things are said to happen nowadays. These musings strike us as humorous, but eventually Hattie—tiny, close-lipped, without a trace of self-pity—comes to feel that there is no place for her hopes or principles, for her very being. She is a memorable creation, an endearing combination of mulish dignity and the deep lostness of a person who is living beyond her time.

Somewhere in the book is a quotation by Péguy: "What begins as mystery completes itself as politics." As history repeats itself, everything mystic ends up manipulation. Ian, a disillusioned ex-hippie who at one point suggests the Big House be turned into a paying museum, now reflects on the possibility of turning the process around. It may be that there is some way of finding import, not devaluation, in the repeating of the past. With a sure and brilliant hand, the author unfolds the truth. ◉

Ella Leffland's Rumors of Peace *will be published by Harper & Row this year.*

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FINE PRINT

New Nectar

by Doris Grumbach

IT WOULD BE EASY to miss the special issue devoted to works by prisoners in the *Greenfield Review*, a little magazine now in its seventh year and published by Joseph and Carol Bruchac in Greenfield Center, New York 12833. But try not to, because it contains some very good work: poetry, prose, and reviews, all winners of the P.E.N. contest. These nascent poets and fiction writers understandably take their themes from their prison experiences.

"I didn't want to write about prison when I first started writing," notes poet Jimmy Santiago Baca. "Prison had repulsive overtones.... I didn't want prison to mar my poetic ramblings." But, Santiago Baca soon discovered, "Dealing with reality around us is the kernel of our evolution. I peacefully confirm my worth through writing." This is true for most of the writers whose work is brought together in the issue. Although the walls of a prison may restrict subject matter, they do not limit the imagination. A good poet, John Leon Natkie, writes a poem to a small press, and sends them money with his request order. The poem ends: "being in this joint/makes me want/to see/what's happening/in life."

In the last pages of the magazine, I learned that a Washington, D.C., publisher, Kathryn E. King, puts out a quarterly journal of inmate literary efforts, called *"Joint" Conference*. There is a good deal of writing by American prisoners about which the general public knows nothing. The fiery quality of the prose, the earnest, deeply felt poetry, and the directness of the reviews (John L. Natkie writes of the poet Daniel L. Klauck's work: "I've now spent 48 hours with this collection and the strength of Daniel's poems scares me.") will impress those who think prison writing is confined to graffiti and wall slogans.

(The *Greenfield Review* costs $5 for two double issues.)

AT LAST. I knew it would come, and now it has, a very funny satire on small-press publication. Eric Baizer's *In the Museum of Temporary Art* has been published by White Murray Press (P.O. Box 14186, Washington, D.C. 20044, $3). Baizer has turned to humorous profit all the more obvious traits of the cottage-industry genre. His mother provides the introduction ("My son has always been such a good boy .... You should see what a thorough job he did cutting the lawn! You never had to tell him to trim."). And there's a card-page listing Eric Baizer's other works (*Infinity Explained* is his first book), a note of thanks to his cat for helping fund publication, a lovely series of pages called the "Beatnik Scrapbook," a poem by Chester Gully, titled "Squash Soup," that begins "pleep/pleep/pleep." After much more funny stuff the parody ends with a colophon containing a picture of the aforementioned cat and the announcement that the first 4,175 copies of the book were lettered A-Z and signed by Murray the Cat. In praise of his own contents, Baizer has written his own blurb: "Mr. Baizer, says L. Tolstoy, forges the vision of Blake, the wit of Twain, and economy of Hemingway into a searing Kafkaesque statement...."A gentle and at the same time biting little book.

"I'm afraid rigatoni has already set in."

TWO SMALL MAGAZINES of superior quality have come my way in the past two months. *Alembic*, in its second issue, may soon be included in that select group of small magazines that improves with each issue. The illustrations are impressive, and the editors have set high standards for the poems selected. (This issue has two first-rate poems, one by Susan Fromberg Schaeffer called "The Queen's Mirrors," and "History" by Mark Jarman.) The editors may also be commended for the quantity of poetry in translation, by Rimbaud this time, that they publish. The design, paper, and cover of *Alembic* are all impressive. Copies may be obtained from *Alembic*, 1744 Slaterville Road, Ithaca, New York 14850, for $2.

Vital Statistics (Wolf Run Books, P.O. Box 10671, Eugene, Oregon 97440, 4 issues, $12) has just come out with its first number. If it can maintain the excellence displayed here, the magazine is destined to survive. The editors, Sandra Braman and Douglas Woolf, have fine, eclectic tastes. Their magazine contains an essay on the castle-architecture of Harvey Ellis, who designed some fantastic buildings in the midwest at the end of the last century. The explanation by Robert Ferguson of how the appearance of official buildings affects us is insightful. Harvey Ellis was attempting to create structures that could induce people to "escape from the workaday world" in his "castlelike structures" in St. Joseph, Missouri. Eric Partridge has written a short and charming description of the "Trials of a Lexicographer." A small piece of hand-decorated paper by Peggy Skycraft, called simply "Marble Paper Book Mark" lies loose in the magazine. There are other nice touches. The book cover contains the final sentence spoken by Henry David Thoreau to a clergyman who was trying to administer last rites: "One world at a time." *Vital Statistics* declares that it "hopes to remain reader-

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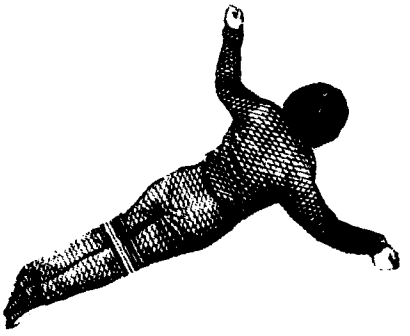
supported," and that it accepts no funding and no advertising. Is it possible?

A NEW small press, the Tidal Press of Cranberry Isles, Maine 04625, has sent me a copy of a new edition of Charles E. Wadsworth's *Views From the Island*, a book of poetry that has been decorated by the poet's own art. Several years ago, as I recall, Wadsworth decorated a collection of Christopher Fry's poetry and prose, *Root and Sky*, with his wonderful collagraph-intaglio prints. It is very expensive, as was the original edition of *Views*. Tidal Press has reproduced, by offset, the prints from the original Godine edition. The poet has revised some of his poems, and 32 new sonnets have been added. Lovers of Maine and/or Maine islands will welcome the reissuance of *Views*. Wadsworth was not born in Maine, but lived there for 35 years and says, "I plead a nativity of the heart." Tidal Press, whose emphasis in its books is regional, has made an auspicious beginning with this one.

A NONPAREIL, or a painted bunting, sits above the logo for David Godine's new paperback series. Nonpareil books all look different, and all are handsome in their own way. William Gass's wonderfully judicious essays collected in *Fiction and the Figures of Life* ($5.95) are appropriately bound in a heavy, solid-looking gray paper. Among other treasures in this book is the enlightening piece on Gertrude Stein he wrote for *Accent* a number of years ago and his philosophical essays on fiction, which have never been bettered. Nonpareil has also published Benedetto Croce's *Aesthetic* ($7.50). This hefty paperback of over 500 pages is proof that Godine's method of binding, sewn rather than glued, works well. The paper is acid-free, so we will be able to read Croce, whose books are out of print, in this edition for the next century.

Under the same imprint are three "wrenchingly funny" novellas by Stanley Elkin, *Searches and Seizures* ($5.95), and a curious collection of *Fairy Tales for Computers* ($5.95) chosen by Leslie George Katz for the entertainment of electronic reading machines. The *raison d'être* for Katz's book is not entirely clear to me, but I accept the collection as a nice group of "stories"—by Kafka, Lessing, E.M. Forster, Thoreau, and yes, brace yourself, Beatrix Potter, Hans Christian Andersen, and the writer of the first section of the Book of Genesis—to have all in one place. *Fairy Tales for Computers* was originally published nine years ago by Eakins Press. ◉

Books in Brief



Birdy
by William Wharton
Knopf, 320 pp., $8.95

AS BOYS, growing up near Philadelphia in the Thirties, Birdy and Al raise pigeons. With puberty, Al moves on to girls and sports; Birdy moves on to canaries. Although Birdy soon has an aviary in his bedroom and spends all of his time with its rapidly multiplying inhabitants, he doesn't really want to own birds—he wants to *be* one. He learns to understand and imitate their slightest sound and movement; he even, after minute observation of avian aerodynamics, invents wooden wings and mechanical feathers which he risks his life trying out. By the time he is 16, he is dreaming every night that he lives as a bird with Perta, his beloved mate, and they rear nest after nest of young.

Some of these incidents we hear about from Birdy himself, who is in an army hospital, where at the end of the war he squats like a baby bird in a catatonic trance. Others we are told by Al—now a shell-shocked and badly wounded veteran—who visits Birdy and tries to guide him out of the labyrinth of madness with the thread of shared memory.

As a literary subject madness is a well-known invitation to melodrama and sentimentality. William Wharton, however, has managed to present Birdy's unique obsession in an entirely matter-of-fact way, neither glamorizing nor belittling his lonely, affectionate, intelligent hero. The prosaism has its problems: Most readers will want to know much less about canaries than they read here, and the pedestrian language of both Birdy and Al, while convincingly realistic, is too limited to bear the weight of emotion that is placed upon it. But it puts us on Birdy's side as he tries to balance his inner and outer lives. For example, when he is forced to take stupid Doris Robinson to the Junior Prom and worries the whole

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time that he is betraying the bird-wife of his dream life by staying out so late—and even necking—on the very night when their first clutch of eggs is due to hatch. In spite of an overly literal style of narration and a false resolution at the end, this unusual first novel is well worth reading. —KATHA POLLITT

The Confessions of Josef Baisz
by Dan Jacobson
Harper & Row, 224 pp., $10

THE EASTERN EUROPEAN Republic of Sarmeda is a totalitarian state of indeterminate stripe, ruled by the iron if somewhat capricious hand of a dictator, the Heerser, through an all-powerful party, the Phalanx, and a dreaded secret police force, the Compresecor. Purges are frequent, intrigue and corruption endemic, security—even for the most innocuous—elusive. Such is the land in which Josef Baisz, whose memoirs we are reading, rises from backwoods poverty to power and position. His varied career—he is first a soldier, then a bodyguard for government and cultural bigwigs, finally, as Moral Guidance Officer to Volmaran Corrective Labor Colony, a government bigwig himself—is based on a single talent, but, in Sarmeda, a highly useful one: Josef has a genius for treachery. For him betrayal is an act of love, and thus even while he informs—usually falsely—on friends and employers, he creates between them and himself a bond of deepest intimacy. "To wound and to love; to love what I wounded; to betray and look pityingly upon the consequences of my treachery; and to do it again—and again—and again—and each time as if for the very first time, with a trembling, magnetized sense of fate or inevitability upon me: That was my addiction." When betrayal becomes self-betrayal, that craving results in Josef's downfall.

For all the grimness of its subject, Dan Jacobson's facility of invention makes this a surprisingly lighthearted book. He obviously had a lot of fun inventing Sarmeda—its language, which seems to be a cross between Flemish and Rumanian, its rather depressing scenery and customs. As a political fantasy it is at once playful and provocative, and as a study of the psychology of betrayal—that complex tangle of love, pity, self-hatred, and power-seeking—it is compelling. While a certain offhandedness makes me wonder if Jacobson was bringing all his considerable energies to bear on his subject, he has brought enough of them to make this a supremely amusing fable for our time.

—KATHA POLLITT

A Christina Stead Reader
by Christina Stead
Random House, 480 pp., $12.95

CHRISTINA STEAD is one of the most distinguished novelists writing in English, but she is not so well known as she deserves to be. Because of her Marxist point of view, all of her work produced between 1934 and 1952 was forced out of print during the 1950s.

Claiming that "half a loaf, or even a slice of it, is better than none," Random House has now published a sampling of one short story, one novella, and a selection of excerpts from eight of Stead's novels. The trouble with such collections is that they give us only crumbs, parts of stories, fragments that arouse and disappoint our appetite for more. But the crumbs are presented as gems, emphasizing writing for itself, rather than as only a part of a complex, integral work.

Stead's prose can form a glittering display. Her intensity crystallizes grotesque details, evoking the power of places ("The hideous low scarred yellow horny and barren headland lies curled like a scorpion in a blinding sea and sky"), times ("All their lives had to be pressed into this wartime, a shoddy contraption like the valises they brought for weekends, into which all kinds of shoddy finery had to be pressed"), people ("In the crack of the door now grew a pale lump face with iron gray hair, brown eyes, and hairy warts. The pale purple mouth laid open like a stale knife incision was mute but unrebellious.") But especially in Stead's case, such a display is misleading because her achievement as a novelist is that she reveals the relations among places and times and people, particularly in the lives of her woman characters, who seek economic, social, and sexual freedom in worlds determined by men, property, and money. Like all great realistic novelists, Christina Stead sees the self, personal relationships, and social and economic systems as inextricably bound.

Any of her complete novels, therefore, would be a better example of her comprehensive vision than the fragments of this collection. Her best works are *House of All Nations* (1938), her masterpiece about the world of international finance; *The Man Who Loved Children* (1940), a brilliant portrayal of politics and marital relations; and *Dark Places of the Heart* (1966), her illuminating study of the perverse relations among the children of a poor, broken family in the north of England.

—EDWIN J. KENNEY, JR.

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OH, CUISINE!

Getting High on an Alp

by Marcia and Frederic Morton

WE'RE *VIEW* gourmets. Some of the best meals of our lives have consisted of Alpine wurst and Alpine peasant bread, eaten on an Alpine peak, after the long hike to the top. We give four stars to the cowherd's hut on a high summer pasture, where nickels buy a hunk of newmade cheese or a glass of fresh buttermilk. These are to supermarket stuff what a woodland strawberry is to Jello—especially when mountain air like dry white wine and a panorama for a centerpiece raise your appetite and spirits to the heights.

Now, you take all that—and combine it with a kitchen whose cuisine is as *haute* as the altitude—and you've got our restaurant ideal: the Trotte, outside the Swiss city of Lucerne.

An imposing hall of a place, the Trotte is decorated in rustic-splendor style: lots of wood framing white-clothed tables, and waiters gliding about in a *grand service* ballet. The room's significant factor is the glass wall that defines its length, looking out on one of Europe's great views. All around, mountain ranges ripple to the horizon; 1,500 feet below, the endless turquoise coves and turnings of Lake Lucerne, where tiny steamships cut precise V-shaped wakes and tinier sailboats drift like butterflies. It's a view for which affluent vacationers pay up to $80 a day, but you can have it—along with a lush dinner—for $15 to $20.

The Trotte season goes from May 1 through mid-October. It is part of the Buergenstock Estate, a summer mountain resort so private that it includes the very road winding up from the lake shore. To drive into the estate you must pass a guardhouse and pay a fee. But though the Trotte is the restaurant attached to the Park Hotel, one of the three luxurious hotels there—"outside" diners are welcome. They can drive from Lucerne or come the fun way.

Fun is for funicular, the only public transit permitted into this exclusive aerie—even it is owned and operated by Buergenstock. The little red railway chugs straight up the mountain from the lake quay. To get to it, you sail over from Lucerne on a steamer, so that you're really taking a one-day cruise with Buergenstock your only port of call. Debarking from the funicular at the Trotte's flowery terrace, on a good day you'll spot Sophia Loren strolling by (she summers at one of the half-dozen private chalets). You can also see the estate's magnificent gardens and walk the lovely kilometers of woods and meadows. A girder-hung cliffside path gives you the breath-catching sense that you are literally suspended over the lake, and a cliff-skimming glass elevator shoots you even higher for the widest vistas of all.

The scenery is delicious either before or after lunch, served from 11 to 2; and lunch or an early dinner—they start serving at 6 pm—is the choice for funicular passengers, since the last cars ride down at 7:30 pm. Besides, the view is so gorgeous by daylight. If you're driving, you can have dinner until 10, with the lake in its necklace-of-lights nighttime aspect.

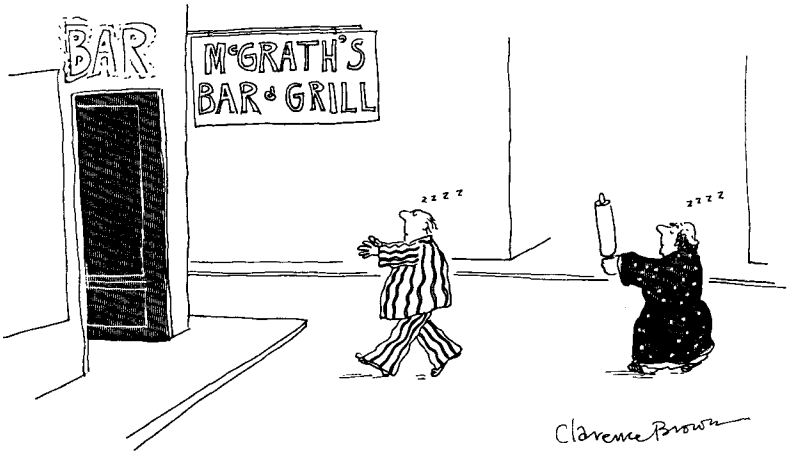
Chickens are those plump morsels imported from France—roasted crisp, broiled to a crackle around a succulence, or served cold, having been delicately poached. The tenderness of the duck *à l'orange* is such that the waiter carves it with only a table knife. Pasta is bought in Italy, and prepared with Buergenstock-grown herbs for an Italian accent. (There is a long tradition here of chefs and headwaiters from the Ticino, the Italian part of Switzerland.) The Dover sole is just that: flown in fresh from Britain, the texture and taste so perfect that we always order it simply grilled under a sprinkle of butter. For other fish, trust the headwaiter's bulletin on the day's catch from the lake waters below. The renowned grilled scampi arrive drenched in butter and tarragon.

The steaks and roasts, medaillons and filets are all premised on a sound Swiss basis of absolutely prime meat. The double lamb chops are thick and toothsome, the little veal filets are in a pungent lemon sauce, the beefsteak au poivre is delectable under its studding of subtle green peppercorns. Elaborate daily specials can be anything from a sizzling curry to Switzerland's own *Geschnetzeltes Kalbfleisch*, thin-sliced veal in a luxuriance of cream and wine. Most Swiss of all—a sort of deluxe version of our cherished wurst-on-an-Alp—is the national dish: grilled white pure-veal sausage with *Roesti*, the best fried potatoes in the entire world.

To go with all this, the wine card lists excellent natives like Dôle or Dézaley, Italian and German imports, and fancy French bottles.

For dessert, we always point to the bonanza-size fresh strawberries or raspberries heaped up on the serving cart full of fruit. The berries don't need any help, but some of us cannot resist eating them with rich Alpine cream or—this is Switzerland, after all—the domestic chocolate ice cream. And then there's the consummate cheese tray.... And the pastry cart with its wanton chocolate-cream tortes and fruit tarts.... And the soufflé you must order as you sit down, so it will be all fluffy and warm for you at dessert time.

Trotte food is not the kind a kitchen with any ethics can keep ready on the warming tray, so be prepared for a wait after giving your order. It's worth it. And with that view to nourish your soul—who complains? ◉



Frederic Morton, author of The Rothschilds, *is a novelist and biographer; his wife Marcia is a cookbook author. They are currently working on a book about Viennese culture.*

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SPORTING LIFE

The Godfather of Racquetball

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

ROBERT WILHELM Gustav Kendler, wizard of Skokie, czar of handball, godfather of racquetball, prelate of the Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine (33rd degree), multimillionaire real-estate developer, Christian Scientist, Citizen of the Year, etc., etc., is a kindly, white-haired septuagenarian whose wardrobe runs to Scotch-plaid sports coats and silk ties with an anchor-embedded-in-wreaths motif. Judging by the absolute tranquility of the expression with which he informs you that "we intend to make racquetball the most popular sport on the face of the earth," he is a man of boundless determination and the most intense self-assurance imaginable. He believes without a scintilla of doubt that he will see racquetball played on the seven continents, watched by the masses on TV, welcomed into the Olympic Games, and ultimately accepted as the sport of the century—in grimy ghetto as in sylvan suburb." I don't believe in the power of error," Kendler says flatly, stating a proposition you must seriously entertain if you are to understand the man's singular crusade. And since Bob Kendler has committed no serious gaffes thus far, the Force may actually be with him.

This sports promoter extraordinaire grew up in Chicago, where his widowed mother was a housemaid. He played handball in the hayloft of an old fire station and quit school at 12 to work as an office messenger. For Kendler, that was a smart move. He learned during the Great Depression that he had an affinity for toil and the potential for astounding success. After World War II, Kendler was among the first to see that the suburbs were the wave of the future. He drained and developed Skokie, and built the nation's largest home-remodeling business. His personal fortune has been estimated at well over $75 million. He bought the Rockefeller and Swift estates in Lake Forest. They named a street after him, Kendler Court; it bisects Rockefeller Road.

Kendler was written up in *Fortune*'s book of self-made men. He won the National Doubles Championship in handball five times, eventually wresting total control of the sport away from the stodgy AAU. He continued to work 16 hours a day, seven days a week, with no Sabbath and none of your winter getaways to the Bahamas. Kendler does not have to tell you that he does not believe in the power of creative idleness. His favorite reading, apart from the Bible, is *Newsweek* magazine. Late in life, reflection has not dented Kendler's moral armor with doubts. "Social welfare kills initiative," he states bluntly. "The reason I am where I am today is because I don't have any partners, stockholders, or loans, and I'm not beholden to anyone. I don't ask anybody for anything. I am fiercely independent."

In 1968, Kendler first saw racquetball, a game known at that time as paddle racquets, which sounds like something three-year-olds play in the bathtub. After investigation, Kendler decided that playing racquet sports could keep men like himself on the handball court 15 years longer—though it's interesting to note that he personally never considered giving up his daily handball game; he has never indulged in racquetball to this day. Kendler says he did not realize at that time that converting handball into a racquet sport would create a simple game, undemanding from the proficiency point of view; practically anyone could become decent at it in a relatively short time. A sport, in other words, accessible to secretaries, salesmen, dentists, mothers, families, people who stay up all night working or swinging, pimply adolescents, and especially all those lonely singles, isolated by modern suburban living and bloody desperate to kick out the jambs every now and again in the company of their peers.

The growth of racquetball is not only phenomenal but seemingly limitless, and Kendler presides over it all.

Kendler was sold. He renamed the game, took over the United States Racquetball Association by invitation, edited the magazine *National Racquetball*, and signed exclusive promotion contracts with equipment manufacturers. "I didn't want to read history," declares Mr. K. "I wanted to make it."

And make it he has. Within the last few years, 900 private racquetball clubs have opened coast to coast, every club making money and hard-pressed to accommodate the estimated eight million Americans who have taken to the game. Eighteen million balls were sold last year, not to mention the carloads of racquets, sneakers, gloves, and other paraphernalia. A lucrative pro tour of racquetball tournaments has developed, with prize money already at $260,000 and doubling each year.

Kendler was appointed to President Nixon's Business Council. On one side of him sat Coors Beer; on the other, Colgate-Palmolive. Between the gravamen of debates, Bob Kendler talked up his sport, and both companies have signed on as tournament sponsors. *Sports Illustrated* has opened a chain of racquetball clubs. Now Japan has a 20-court racquetball facility. The Israelis are nuts about the game, so, of course, the Saudis are interested in establishing themselves as the Persian Gulf racquetball power. The growth is not only phenomenal but also seemingly limitless. Kendler presides over it all—the ever-greater offers, deals, negotiations, contracts; there is even a multimillion-dollar lawsuit charging Bob Kendler with restraint of trade, the very symbol of success in today's litigious sports scene.

No modern-day uncertainty, no sense of confusion, anxiety, missed opportunity, or dread afflicts Robert Kendler. He remains calm and optimistic, like Mao's helmsman, navigating the firm course through turbulent waters. Every move is planned to the last detail, every minute accounted for, each project executed with professional competence and total single-mindedness. One imagines Kendler waking up each dawn with the roosters, studying the Bible, and racing off to another morning of watering and fertilizing the flowering racquetball empire. In the editorial he writes each month for *National Racquetball* ("We are the Bible of the sport. Everything we write is gospel. We feel we should be above criticism."), Kendler has said:

It is good for us to think that no grace or blessing is truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed someone else with it

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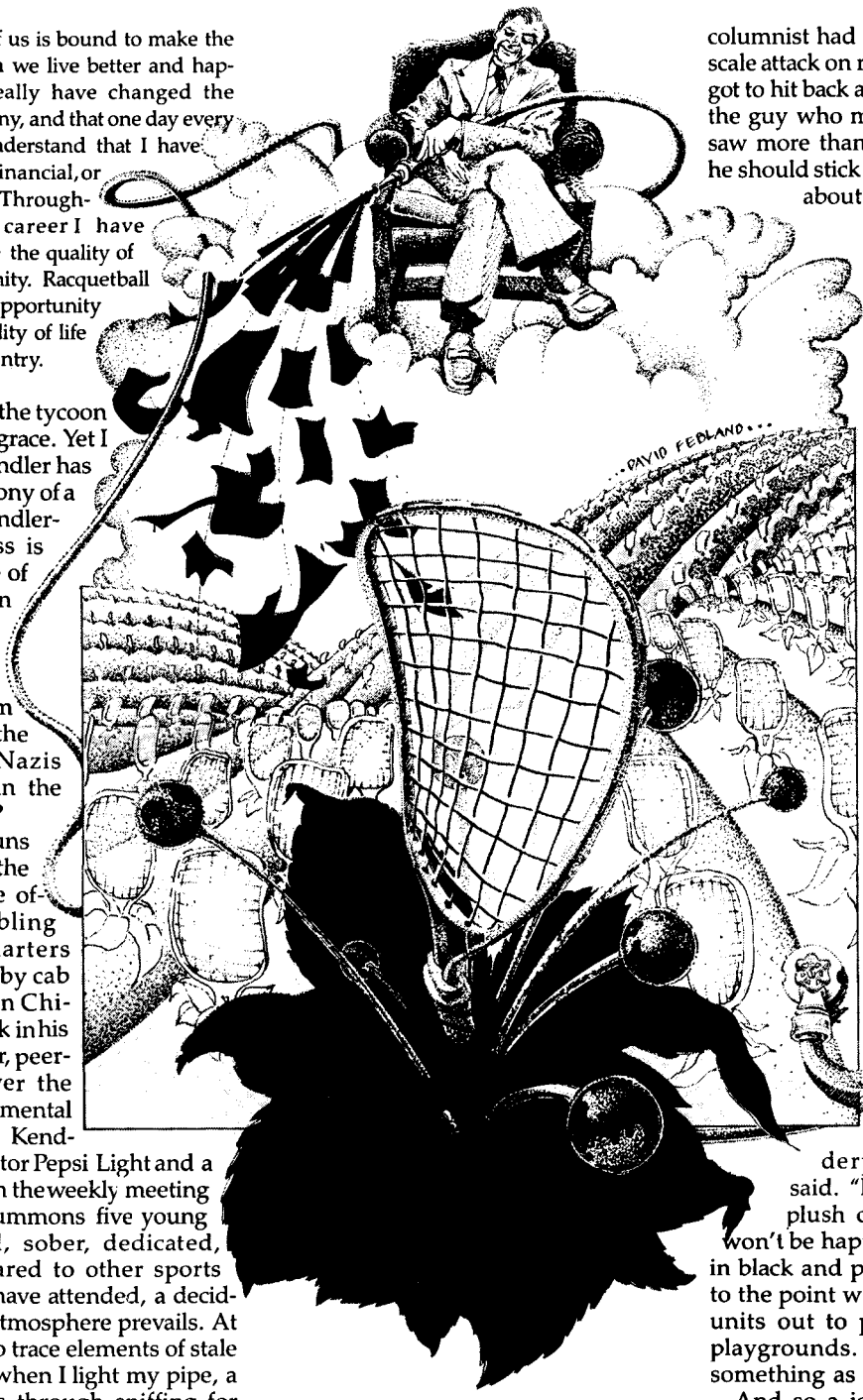
through us. Each of us is bound to make the little circle in which we live better and happier....I hope I really have changed the quality of life for many, and that one day every one of you will understand that I have no other physical, financial, or material purpose. Throughout my building career I have worked to improve the quality of life in our community. Racquetball has given me the opportunity to improve the quality of life throughout the country.



He is, you see, the tycoon who has courted grace. Yet I wonder if Bob Kendler has ever caught the irony of a world where Kendlerian righteousness is put in the service of games, while, in his own Chicago, the heirs of Mayor Daley take bread from the mouths of the poor and the Nazis want to march in the streets of Skokie?

Bob Kendler runs racquetball from the homey executive office of his rambling colonial headquarters about 10 miles by cab from downtown Chicago. Tipping back in his Hitchcock rocker, peering benignly over the prow of his monumental mahogany desk, Kendler offers the visitor Pepsi Light and a chance to sit in on the weekly meeting of his staff. He summons five young men—scrubbed, sober, dedicated, zealous. Compared to other sports staff meetings I have attended, a decidedly devotional atmosphere prevails. At least, there are no trace elements of stale cigar butts, and when I light my pipe, a woman wanders through sniffing for fire. The young missionaries make their progress reports, and now and then Bob Kendler commends them, chides them, or makes a decision, a process as free of friction as a perpetual-motion machine.

"We're making good progress on the Celebrity Racquetball Show, Bob. The idea will be to have two new celebrities playing on TV every week."

"That's marvelous, Chuck."

"Bob, we're almost set on the London trip. But we're thinking this is our chance to talk Germany and Italy into forming one regional European racquetball association."

"That's great, Dan, great idea. I want you to go along to London to test out the court they've put up. You've got good business sense, and I'd like to test that court from a player's standpoint."

"We're just wondering whether Terry should go to New York for the tournament next week. It's a new club, Bob, and maybe having one more expert staff person would set the proprietors at ease and make things run perfect."

"Fantastic. Our guy from Colgate is going to be there, so it's very important that things go well. I want you to be there, Terry."

"I've prepared your response to the *Sports Illustrated* editorial, Bob. [An *SI* columnist had recently leveled a broad-scale attack on racquetball.] I think we've got to hit back at them. I pointed out that the guy who made the criticisms never saw more than one tournament. I said he should stick to lawn croquet, which is about his speed."

"Rewrite it, making it as polite as you can, and then bring it to me before you send it out. Remember: I don't want any harangues going out of this office. You kill your enemies with kindness, O.K.?"

"But did you read what they wrote, Bob?"

"I said 'with kindness.' You'll see the virtue of that approach when we win them over to our side."

"Well, whatever you say, Bob."

So it goes from day to day, as racquetball booms. I doubt there is a man in sports who derives as much satisfaction as Kendler does from nurturing his game. Yet grandiose as the plan is, Kendler is restless. "I have in the back of my head a system of building glass-module racquetball courts and dropping them by the tens of thousands into ghettos and underprivileged areas," he said. "I'm glad to see all these plush clubs spring up. But I won't be happy until I see racquetball in black and poor areas. We're getting to the point where we can throw these units out to parks departments and playgrounds. If I could just develop something as popular as baseball...."

And so a journalist may some day make his way through the rubble of the inner-city streets, across the lunarscape of vacant lots and abandoned buildings, to the concrete-slab playgrounds by the projects, where unemployed guys goof and shoot up, and kids smash bottles for kicks. There, amid the nation's greatest anxieties, where doubts and fear run like open sewers and the power of error reigns supreme, the visitor will find a cubical, glass-walled vision of heaven on earth, perhaps watched over by a giant memorial mural of an elderly man with snowy hair and kind eyes.

Mr. Kendler, I presume. ◉

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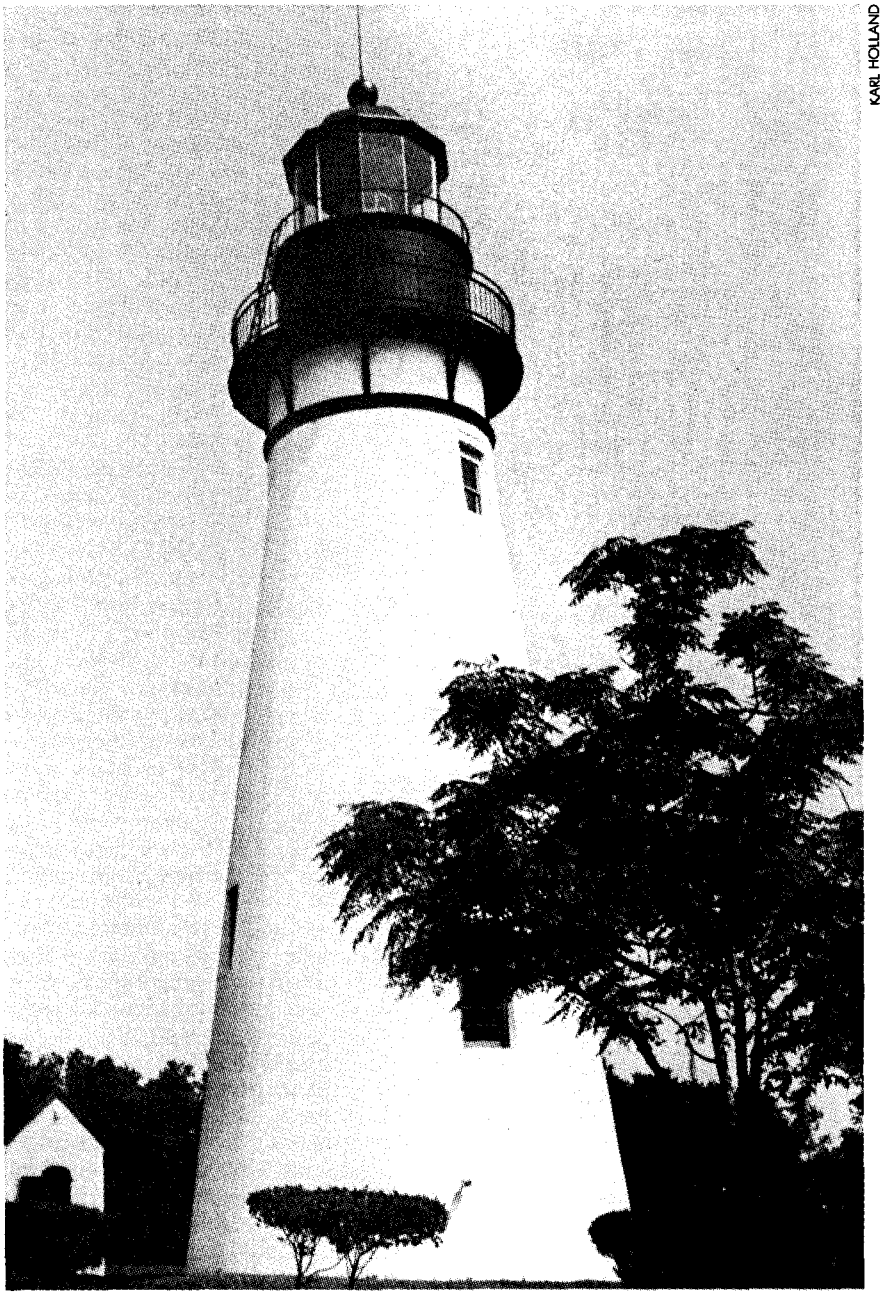
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Repotting of Amelia

by Horace Sutton



KARL HOLLAND

Lighthouse at Fernandina— "mullet roe, the golden caviar, is eaten here with grits."

THERE BEING no airplanes, much less jets, you could hardly call them jet-setters. But they were the beautiful people of the day and they set the trend of the times. From the Union soldiers who had held Fort Clinch they had heard of the mellow air of northern Florida, of its palms and flowers and beaches. And so, 100 years ago, escaping the winter frosts, these sun-seekers boarded the ships of Mallory Line and sailed from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston bound for Fernandina on Amelia Island, not far from Jacksonville.

Until the first hotel was built they rented rooms in private homes and rode from the Atlantic side to the beach on the shore that faced mainland Florida. Then the Skinners came, seasoned at the Palmer House in Chicago and at the resorts of Cape May in Jersey. They would run the new Egmont Hotel, a 75-room establishment handy to the boat docks and alongside the trolley tracks that ran from port to beach.

That was 1877, and the Egmont, one of the first hotels in Florida, set the style for Fernandina and points south. President Ulysses Grant came to visit, the rich built mansions, and a second hotel, the Strathmore, opened on the beach.

Now, 100 years later, Amelia Island is once more a sanctuary for those with chilblains. Some 850 acres on the southern end of the island have been developed as Amelia Island Plantation, a resort in the style of Seabrook, Kiawah, Hilton Head, and St. Simon, those trig nests that are strung on the barrier islands that stretch from South Carolina to Florida.

A small, 24-room inn has been built on the ocean, with nearly 500 villas and condominium units sprinkled through the woodlands, along the ocean, and at the edge of the fairways. Pete Dye, a golf architect possessed of a devilish streak and an eye for beauty, has threaded 27 holes among the dunes, along the marshland, and skirting an oak forest. The canopied terrace of the bar and restaurant at the inn looks over the sixth hole, nestling there in the dunes.

In the style of barrier-island resorts, many of the villas can be rented, short-term or long, making Amelia Plantation a horizontal hotel. Some of the condominium units are in mid-rise buildings called Beach Walker and Ship Watch. They reach no higher than five living levels, and from the upper reaches one can survey the shrimp boats offshore, and in the distance the freighters making ready for the docks in nearby Jacksonville. One clutch of 20 one-bedroom villas comes with a pool for each unit. And the Loomis House, which opens on a huge stretch of marsh grass, has its own pool framed by a live oak tree that grows out of the terrace. It can be rented at $150 a day.

The man-made embellishments include 19 composition tennis courts, a racquet complex complete with restaurant, pro shop, health club, and a stadium for big-time matches. The ocean front seems to stretch forever, broad and flat. To that the plantation has added an olympic pool and a beach club

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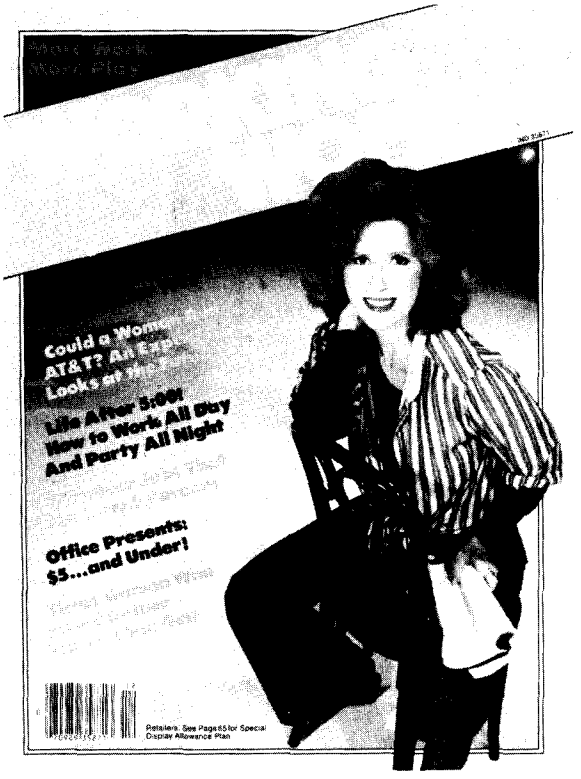

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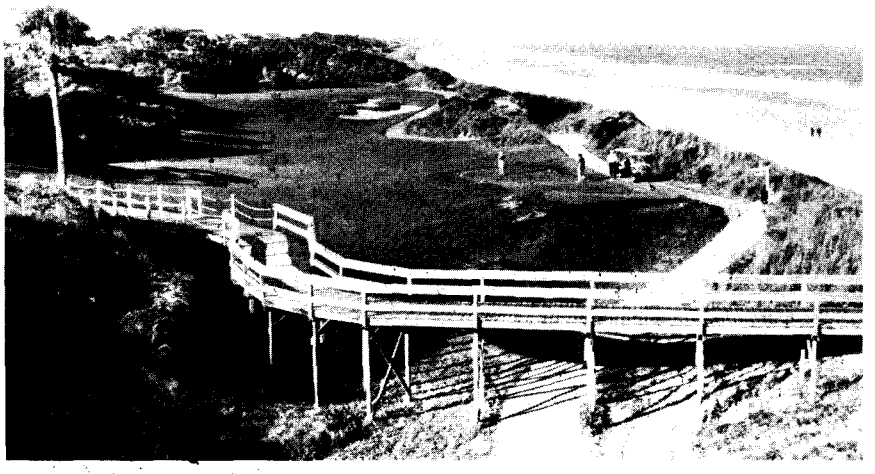

Boardwalk across the golf course— "wood ibis and blue heron poke among the red cedar."

with a restaurant of its own.

All this would seem to create an intrusion upon the natural splendors of the island, but the building has been artfully done with a watchful eye kept over the red-maple swamp forest, the salt flat, and needle-rush tidal marsh, the live-oak, the wind-pruned scrub, and the forests of cabbage palm.

A boardwalk measuring a half mile courses through this natural preserve, where wood ibis and blue heron poke among the red cedar, the cordgrass tidal marsh, and the slash pine. Modest markers have been put up to explain that a salt marsh is really a coastal wheatfield, producing 10 tons of organic matter whereas the same-sized field of wheat would yield only seven tons a year.

The succulent morsels in the marsh are harvested by fish and shellfish who are in turn harvested by man. Two-thirds of all fish and shellfish spend part of their life-cycle in such marshlands. In the woodlands, banana spiders spin webs in tree branches, mounds of oyster shells remain where they were piled by Indians. Newer oyster shells lie where they were strewn by untidy raccoons, mollusk-eaters, too.

Near a ceremonial Indian burial ground at Walker's Landing, the Plantation people have created a park with picnic tables, rest rooms, and fire pits. At Drummond Point a playground has been built, all but hidden in the woods. Alongside there is a cleared field for running and ball-playing. Benches are placed by lagoons where fishermen can take an occasional tarpon, an unusual circumstance for latitudes this far north.

If Amelia Island Plantation is the quintessence of the new style in resort living, Fernandina still exists as a relic of the old. An intense effort has been made to preserve it, more or less, as it was. The old Strathmore Hotel blew away in a hurricane, and when Henry Flagler and his railroad arrived, and a new hotel was built at St. Augustine, the old Egmont was torn down. The materials were recycled and proved enough to build four new houses.

The old Steamboat Gothic and Queen Anne houses survive, and they form an unusual American collection dating as far back as 1857. The First Presbyterian Church, which opened in 1859, is one of the oldest in Florida. For house-watchers who enjoy Galveston, Savannah, Key West, and other preserves, Fernandina is an unpublicized treasure.

Centre Street has been graced with brick planters and brick crosswalks. The dock area has been decorated with a carved-to-order peg-legged pirate to commemorate the days when picaroons infested these waters. The old depot, the eastern terminus of the cross-Florida railway that rumbled the 155 miles to Cedar Key, is still in place.

The Palace Saloon, said to be the oldest bar in Florida, is still pouring whiskey. The old gas-lit chandelier has been moved inside, but the saloon still sports a carved back-of-bar with a pair of handmaidens holding up the ceiling. It serves a pirate's punch concocted of gin and rum and a variety of fruit juices, guaranteed to make an instant buccaneer of the mildest Milquetoast.

Nearby, the 1878 Steak House is a fetching restaurant serving seafood on its first floor and steaks upstairs. Boiled shrimp at $2.50 a dozen and oysters brought in from Biloxi at $3 a dozen are among its temptations, but it also does deviled crab as well as crab-and-shrimp crepes with a blanket of champagne sauce. You'll be hard put to spend more than $10 for dinner even with the homemade cheesecake.

Visitors installed in housekeeping condominium units at Amelia Island Plantation will find a harvest of fish at Atlantic Bait and Seafood, a dockside establishment that displays trimmed flounder stuffed with crabmeat, shrimp egg roll, snow crab, black sea bass, and yellow mullet roe, the golden caviar of the barrier islands which is eaten here with grits.

For those who would prefer to catch their own, the same establishment carries a full line of dead and live bait from squid to ballyhoo, as well as a wall full of hooks and lures.

The island likes to say that it has flown eight flags, all of which are on display. The French got here first, in the 16th century, followed by the Spaniards, then the British, who yielded it back to the Spaniards after the defeat in the American Revolution. It was near-ruin for some 20,000 wealthy Tories who had fled to Florida from Georgia and South Carolina and now had to move again, this time to Jamaica, to Nassau or back to Britain.

Jefferson's Embargo Act of 1807, and legislation the next year that forbade the further importation of slaves, turned Fernandina into a lively smuggling base. Jean and Pierre Laffite were among the pirates attracted by the action. A succession of coups took place, some with the tacit compliance of the U.S. government, producing three flags—those of the Patriots in 1812, the Green Cross of Florida in 1817, and even the Mexican colors, raised by a French privateer named Luis Aury, a one-time governor of Texas who operated against the Spaniards.

President Monroe termed Fernandina a "festering fleshpot," an early show of presidential alliterative, and dispatched an expedition to clean it up. The United States held Amelia Island "in trust" for Spain until Florida became a part of the United States in 1824.

Many years later, a Congressional inquiry established after the Bay of Pigs looked into previous unauthorized American incursions into Latin America. Monroe's dispatch of troops to Amelia Island was listed as one of the earliest. American incursionists coming to Amelia now bear nothing more bellicose than a tennis racquet or golf clubs, and no idea more sinister than temporary refuge from the ravages of the northland winter. ◉

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J9AM

Wit Twister No. 135
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This _ _ _ _ till death was
yoked when they were wed.
Today, each longs to see his _ _
_ _ drop dead.
Their _ _ _ _ embraces
rival the delight
Of Sunday's _ _ _ _
reheated Thursday night. A.S.

Answer next issue

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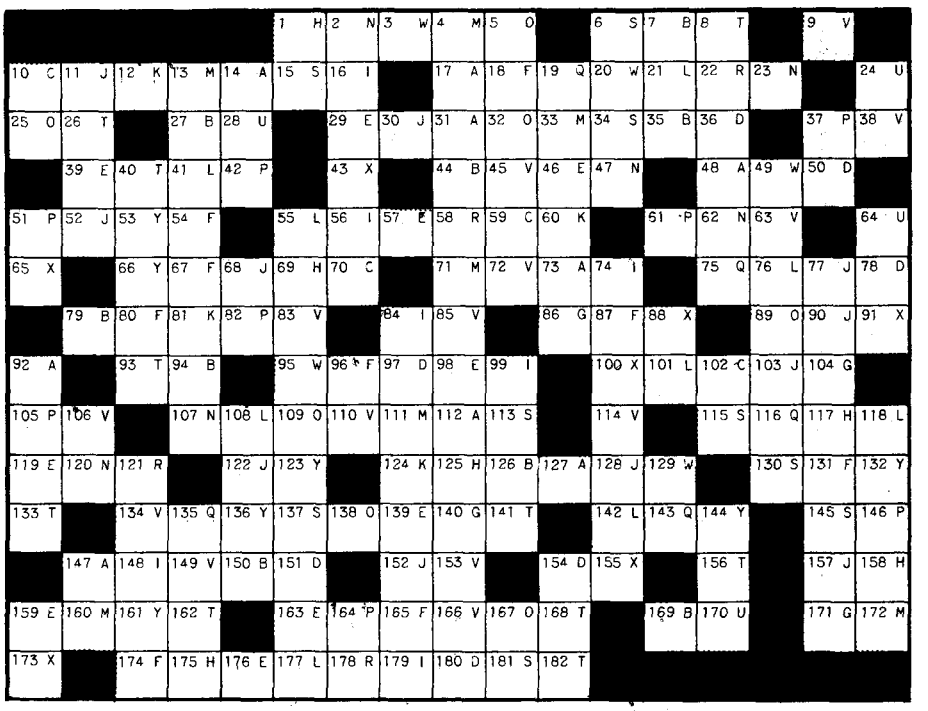
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 164

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic*** *163* appears on page 4



CLUES

A. Yielding readily to intimidation (comp.)
17 31 48 73 92 112 127 147 14

B. "'Tis not alone my ____, good mother" (2 wds.; *Hamlet*)
27 35 79 94 126 150 169 7 44

C. Floral emblem of the Welsh
59 70 102 10

D. Skepticism; mistrust
50 97 154 180 36 78 151

E. *Incarnation*
159 176 39 57 119 139 163 29 46 98

F. Self-evident
131 67 80 96 165 18 54 87 174

G. English novelist and critic (*Harriet Hume*)
86 104 140 171

H. Exiled Aetolian who, when he came home on a one-eyed mule, was believed to be a three-eyed man
175 125 1 69 117 158

I. Colorless, odorless, flammable gas; CH_4
16 56 84 99 148 179 74

J. Heftiness, beef
90 30 52 68 103 122 157 128 152 11 77

K. Nearly extinct goose of Hawaii
81 124 12 60

L. Epithet for Ann Sheridan (2 wds.)
76 108 177 55 101 142 21 41 118

M. Capricious; undependable
160 71 111 13 172 4 33

N. Small cup or mug
120 2 23 47 62 107

O. Dutch composer (1430?–1505)
25 89 32 167 138 5 109

P. Checking, thwarting
37 51 146 164 61 105 42 82

Q. Punch, zip, bang
75 116 135 19 143

R. Small, shallow boat propelled by poling
58 178 22 121

S. Natural development
15 145 181 113 137 34 115 130 6

T. W.S. Landor poem (2 wds.)
168 40 8 133 156 182 162 93 141 26

U. Petty quarrel
28 64 170 24

V. Play by Anne Nichols (3 wds.)
9 166 45 63 38 72 149 114 83 110 153 85 106 134

W. Wacky, loony
49 3 20 129 95

X. "Where it's always double drills and no ____" (Kipling, "Gunga Din")
91 43 65 100 155 173 88

Y. Supplements (2 wds.)
136 132 66 53 123 161 144

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THE BACK DOOR

Faster Than Awe

In 1962, when cosmonauts Nikolayev and Popovich orbited the earth 48 times in just less than three days, they remarked on landing that they had not seen God.

COURTESY OF BRITISH AIRWAYS, I was treated to a ride on the famous Concorde, on the trip from New York to London.

Sleek-bodied, nose bent like a beak, the Concorde resembles an elegant prehistoric winged creature—less a bird than a vastly intelligent monster. Without question, it is the most expressive airline ever designed.

In New York, the Concorde is (along with its diametric opposite, Freddie Laker's Airways) a celebrity. Bitter battles over permitting the plane to land were fueled by economic jealousy (the Concorde is built by the French and flown exclusively by foreign carriers), xenophobia, community anger (nobody's going to increase the noise over our roofs!), a general distaste for progress, which never seems to improve our lives much, and anger at the rich, who alone could afford the new service. Some ecologists argued that the Concorde's boom would disrupt the environment. From all of these opponents nary a peep has been heard since the new jet's first New York landing.

Thanks in part to the Concorde's celebrity, and to the resonance of the phrase, "faster than sound," I expected magic on my maiden voyage—what sort of magic, I wasn't sure—but something, something that could be cherished as a memory and spun into a tale. Travelers whom I'd heard dilating on the Concorde at cocktail parties mentioned nothing but the time advantages and the relative absence of jet lag, but their matter-of-factness, I decided, was due more to an incapacity for awe than to an absence of inspiration. For how could a mortal soul move faster than his own voice and not *feel* it?

Alas, I felt nothing. A pleasant flight, yes, in half the time required by subsonic transports. Irreproachable service—from the check-in lounge to the caviar canapés and champagne to the after-dinner Macanudo cigars. Unimaginable height and speed: more than 11 miles up in the sky, hurtling forward a mile every two and a half seconds. But in terms of sensation, I could feel nothing unexpected, nothing I hadn't already experienced between, say, New York and Pittsburgh. One could not help speculating whether the sensation would be any different at a speed twice as fast again. Or were the only variables left to long-distance travel the quality of the coffee served or the sincerity of the attendants' smiles or the designer uniforms that they wear?

The magic of the SST is that there is no magic. Although one is cradled by a creation whose complexity surpasses any individual's understanding, what one sees is not the complexity or intricacy, but a system whose bland face allays fears. If we could comprehend the inner workings of just one aspect of this system, the enormity of man's ingenuity would overwhelm us and the variety of opportunities for the system to fail would make us shudder. But for the tidbits of technical talk that the pilot sprinkled over the trip like garnish and the clouds outside the peepholes, one could have been in a bus or even a movie theater.

One can hardly restrain a sigh. Granted, it is useless and ungrateful to regret the present, especially a present so accomplished and accommodating; but, oh, isn't it a shame to be left untouched by a sense of mystery?

As the Concorde approached tiara-like London, I scanned the newspaper accounts of the Guyana massacres. Later, I recalled the joy in friends' voices when they recently telephoned to announce the birth of their first child. In those two incidents, in respectively grisly and glorious guise, was mystery. Yes, the gods still lived in their home, just beyond the nimbus of our understanding.

—CARLL TUCKER

Now that's *malpractice!"*

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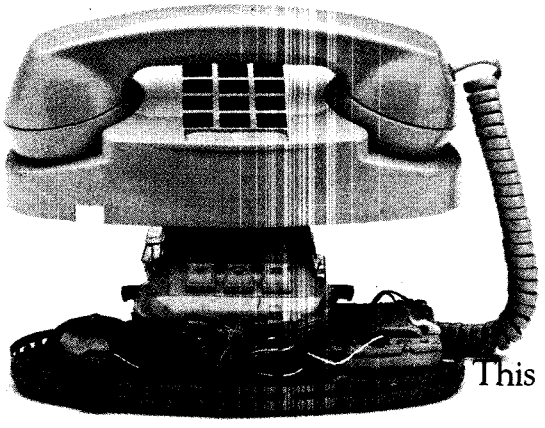

This is.

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